WALTER REUTHER B. J. WIDICK

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IN A TIME OF ASSASSINS

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HUBERT HUMPHREY: THE ILLUSION OF CHANGE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Good-by, Corbusier NATHAN SILVER

'The Rosenbergs' in the French Theatre
NICHOLAS BIEL

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LETTERS

shared humanity

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Publishing Sandy Goodman's "Back from Vietnam: The Invisible Veterans" [*The Nation*, June 3] took a certain courage for any magazine that stands on the Left. The strident rhetoric of much of the Peace Movement—a good deal of it coming from people who as late as six months ago were sitting on their fences, trying, as a colleague of mine phrased it, "to get a better overall view of things"—made the publication of such an article a necessity, if for no other reason than to remind us that the soldiers doing our national "thing" in Vietnam are very much like the rest of us—battered and blistered by the rhetoric, still in love with what they learned in the first grade was "a true democracy," and striving, in however painful a manner, to match the conception against the reality. . . . In a time as mad as ours, one is grateful for any reminders of the humanity we share. *Leonard Kriegel*

terror in Greece

Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: After a year of military rule in Greece the junta has succeeded in alienating the proud Greek people by depriving them of such rights as freedom of speech, assembly and due process of law. Such oppression has resulted in growing unrest and recently accelerated underground resistance, notably in Salonika and Patras (*The New York Times*, Apr. 19) . . . .

It appears only prudent that the nations of the free world step up their efforts to restore a true democratic order in Greece. The large-scale terror and intimidation . . . imposed on the Greek people seems hardly the makings of the type of stability compatible with the . . . long-range interests of the Western bloc. *John Kinney*

legal absurdity

New York City

DEAR SIRS: On Monday, May 27, the Supreme Court held that Congress could constitutionally make it a crime for one to burn his draft card, whatever the reason for such action. The result of this holding is that a young man will now spend six years in jail.

Behind all the verbiage and legal niceties, behind all the issue making and word playing, behind the distinctions between speech and action upon which freedom is made to turn, does anybody, including the lawyers and the judges, realize that essentially what we are doing is putting someone in jail for six years for burning a worthless piece of paper? This is absurd. *Stephen Gillers*

splenetic

Reno, Nev.

DEAR SIRS: I must protest Richard Eberhart's review of Conrad Aiken's *Thee* ["Thumb-Sucking," *The Nation*, Apr. 1]. I have reservations about the poem myself. (And still greater ones about the pertinence or fitness of the illustrations.) I feel that Mr. Aiken was undertaking the impossible, and that some less direct and abstract approach might have come closer to success.

But Mr. Aiken knew, I am sure, that he was undertaking the impossible, and knew also, I am even more certain, the dangers of his method. The undertaking was an act of high poetic courage, and emotionally, to my mind (and how else could it work?), it did succeed to a remarkable degree. To discard it as "Thumb-sucking" is splenetic (I don't know why) and sub-critical. *Walter Van Tilburg Clark*

EDITORIALS

Dogged by Fate

Long ago, the American Presidency became a dangerous office. No one attacked the persons of our first fifteen Presidents, but from Lincoln on four have died by the assassin's bullet and three others—Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman—have been shot at. In the past few years, killings at a lower political level have been numerous; witness the martyrs of the civil rights cause, with Martin Luther King, Jr., the latest victim and the greatest loss from the standpoint of a nonviolent solution to the race problem. And now, Robert F. Kennedy, the most senseless killing of them all. It is tragic for the victim; tragic for the Kennedy family, so blessed with ability and wealth, so dogged by fate; tragic for a country which must seem to the world as lethal for all who aspire to give it leadership as is the Congo or Haiti. Two hours after Senator Kennedy was shot, the British Broadcasting Corporation offered its listeners a prayer: "We pray for the American people that they may come to their senses."

In essence, the single point in RFK's campaign—as in that of Eugene McCarthy—was that America must come to its senses. And in that lies a tragedy that goes deeper than the bullet. It involves the whole situation of the Kennedy clan, of which only one son of Joseph P. and Rose Kennedy now survives. Robert always lived under the shadow of his brother, and much of the acclaim which greeted him wherever he went, and a large part of the votes which would have been cast for him, were an inheritance from the late President. Robert never stood entirely on his own feet, never entirely freed his own abundant talent from the memory of what John F. Kennedy accomplished and might have accomplished had he been spared. And now, in grim turn, we shall never know what Robert might have accomplished.

This was not merely Robert's personal problem; it concerned his relations to the Democratic Party and to the country as a whole. JFK was, after all, responsible for Johnson, whom he chose for purely political reasons and without whom he would probably have lost in 1960. Thus the policy against which Robert rebelled—and, however long he delayed, he did rebel—was one which he and his brother had put in motion. Rusk, McNamara, Taylor, Lodge and other outstanding hawks, active or acquiescent, were initially Kennedy appointees. It was Kennedy who, in one way or another, gave Johnson the opportunity to involve the United States in a great war on the mainland of Asia and thus by necessity to ignore all the problems, domestic and foreign, that today beset the most powerful of nations. And it was this whole mindless, cruel drift that Robert Kennedy was determined to stop. He was moved by impulses of the most responsible patriotism but he was also moved by family: the Kennedys are proud. He would secure his brother's good name by defying, and if possible defeating, the evil consequences that had flowed from his brother's brutally interrupted administration. And now a bullet has put a stop to that.

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A Memorial of Action

Robert Kennedy's bold stratagem need not die with him, but if it is to survive we must honor the dead man with action, not with repining. The political moratorium, inevitable at the moment of first shock, must be cut short —its continuance serves only the interests of Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, those spokesmen for the discredited machinery of political consensus that RFK was determined to break.

Robert Kennedy, like all the clan, was a fierce competitor. It is all the more impressive, therefore, that in the days leading up to California he drew attention not only to his own support but to the fact that his constituency, combined with that of McCarthy, simply overwhelmed the support for Humphrey running in Johnson's shoes. (As to the shoes in which Humphrey runs, see Robert G. Sherrill's article, page 783 in this issue.)

Defeat would have been bitter to Robert, but would he necessarily have seen defeat in a McCarthy victory? A few hours before he was shot, he said to a crowd: "It is less important what happens to me than what happens to the cause I have tried to represent." In all essentials that cause —a politics responsible to the people of the country and the peoples of the world—is also embraced by McCarthy. It is tragically remote from Humphrey's grasp.

But politics is not only principles; it is also manipulation and the flow of human loyalties. The Kennedy forces are for the moment leaderless; it is widely feared that they will disperse and that enough may be drawn into the Vice President's orbit to assure his victory in Chicago (with the predictable result that Richard Nixon would be the next President). There is, however, still a Senator Kennedy. Edward is less well known, but in a short term of service he has earned remarkable stature. His policies are sound, and—as he showed in his bitter reports from South Vietnam—his heart is stout.

Edward Kennedy should now assume, if not his brother's place, a large measure of his brother's responsibility. The dedicated men and women who were the sinews of Robert's astonishing campaign should put Edward at their head and should seek the confederation with McCarthy that his brother more than once hinted at as the next necessary step. It might be that he would accept the second position on the ticket, and in that case the tragedy of Los Angeles need not be unrelieved. Eugene McCarthy and Edward Kennedy could very probably beat Humphrey in August, and could almost certainly overwhelm Nixon in November. Failing some such gallant recovery from this current horror, the country will be faced again in 1968 with a choice that is no choice at all. That would be the unrelieved—perhaps the fatal—tragedy.

'For God's Sake'

If any example were needed of the corrupting monotone of voice and thought that Robert Kennedy was intent upon replacing, it was provided by Lyndon Johnson's television appearance on the night when the Senator was dying. He opened his brief talk with a perfunctory and platitudinous

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expression of shock, dismay and sympathy for the Kennedys. On this score he is not to be much criticized. It is difficult for a public man to utter convincing words of condolence, and Johnson's task was the more difficult because he could not pretend to any love for the man.

But we have been told *ad nauseam* that LBJ, however ignorant his opinions and ill-considered his actions, truly loves his country. So he went before the country on that tragic, perilous night, and what did he say? He called for an end to violence in the streets and appointed a commission to investigate the causes thereof. Did he mention Vietnam, or poverty, or life in the ghetto, or the frustrated aspirations of every minority group in America? Did he refer to the waste of our resources, the contamination of our environment, the arrogance of our colossal stance on this earth? He cited none of these things: "My fellow citizens, we cannot, we must not, tolerate the sway of violent men among us." Was there nobody in his retinue to tell him that he indicted himself?

He appointed a commission to acquaint him with the causes of violence. If it were sincere, what could such a commission tell him except truths about his own Administration so bitter that he has long since proved himself unable or unwilling to accept them? But this commission will not attempt to drive home any such hard facts: it is itself made up overwhelmingly of men who have supported his policy in Vietnam, men who believe that we can kill without scruple in Southeast Asia and by moral unction and police implacability suppress the consequences at home. No President who had read with seeing eyes the report of the Kerner Commission could possibly require the services of another such body, let alone that of the Milton Eisenhower Commission.

But Johnson does not see; his eyes are turned inward to a reality of his own invention, and he responds to events with programed jerks that are faithfully echoed in the articulated gestures of his platform delivery. That is what Robert Kennedy was fighting, and Eugene McCarthy is fighting. So, to borrow one of the President's favorite apostrophes, "let us, for God's sake," put an end to it. And let us remember that Humphrey is its heir and Nixon its only too loyal opposition.

Don't Underrate Nippon

As late as the interval between the two World Wars, the idea prevailed in the United States that the Japanese were mere copyists in engineering and the physical sciences. This was an exaggeration, compounded of race prejudice and the tensions that existed between the two countries. Actually, even before the turn of the century Japan had become a great military and industrial power, based, as under modern conditions it had to be, on a competent scientific and technological work force.

After World War II, Japan recovered rapidly from defeat and pushed ahead in electronics, shipbuilding and other fields, including railroads. In the last area, advances were especially noteworthy: while, with few exceptions, U.S. carriers were jettisoning their passenger service, the Japanese were improving theirs and attracting customers.

The extent to which we are beginning to copy Japanese rail techniques is one of the main topics discussed in the April, 1968 issue of *Proceedings of the IEEE* (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers) which is devoted to the latest U.S. and foreign advances in transportation by land, sea and air, and looks ahead to the year 2000.

Several of the papers are by Japanese engineers. One, by Matsutaro Fujii, describes the famous New Tokaido Line (NTL) which connects Tokyo and Osaka, 320 miles to the west. High-speed, luxurious passenger service began in 1964 after a five-year construction period. The double track, electrified line now carries an average of 150,000 passengers a day at a total revenue of around $1 million. The trains make the run in three hours, at an average speed of 100 mph and a maximum of 130 mph. All trains are controlled from operations headquarters in Tokyo, with the dispatchers also in voice communication with the train drivers.

Plans and building are under way to extend NTL another 375 miles, and to build a similar railroad northward to the neighboring island of Hokkaido, with a length of 675 miles including an undersea tunnel some 20 miles long. All this indicates that for distances up to, say, 600 miles, modernized train service can more than hold its own with airline competition. That being so it could help to relieve the dangerous congestion at major U.S. airports.

In the field of urban transportation, everyone knows that the New York City subway, with 237 miles of track, carrying 1.3 billion passengers per year, is one of the busiest, if by no means one of the most comfortable, railroads in the world. The first section began operation in 1904. The Tokyo subway, which dates back to 1927, is now technologically in the lead and by present indications will remain so. In the rush hours, both railroads are indecently overcrowded, but the Tokyo system is automatically operated, frequency-modulated radio being used to control trains through receivers in head cars and wayside transmitters. The motorman is there for manual operation in the event of mechanical or electrical failure, but such failure cannot be total, and while he monitors the system when it is working properly, it will monitor him if he takes over. Plans call for completely centralized traffic control, as on the NTL, for a further increase in traffic density.

In an entirely different field, but likewise suggestive, is the "Pastures of the Sea" story in the April 30 *Japan Report*. Fishery products account for about 60 per cent of Japanese consumption of animal protein. Instead of just catching fish, the Japanese are projecting various schemes for growing and harvesting. Schools of fish gather around and inside a sunken ship; taking that habit as a clue, the Japanese are building "apartment houses" for fish, with large concrete blocks, generating artificial tides and currents favorable for marine life, using underwater lighting to attract fish to desired locations, etc. Instead of leaving it all to nature, with the inevitable fluctuations in supply, the Japanese would like to make their whole continental shelf available for fish culture.

Taking it all in all, the United States has a technological lead over the rest of the world, but it can still learn from the Japanese (and others) as they can learn from us.

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Prodding the FCC

The past month has been an unsettling one for the broadcasting industry. First, Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.), chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, told the Federal Bar Association of his deep concern about rapid concentration of ownership of radio and TV stations, including CATV cable and microwave, which he described as "the pipe line for communication to the home in the future." He sharply attacked the Federal Communications Commission and the Justice Department for their apathy to the merger trend.

The Senator's facts came from several volumes of hearings on the "Failing Newspapers Act," a legislative effort by some newspaper interests to gain for themselves an antitrust exemption for mergers and joint working agreements. The bill provided the occasion which Senator Hart had been waiting for to undertake a thorough probe into media concentration, without ripping apart an uneasy truce with the Republican-Southern bloc on the subcommittee. He boiled down his findings in one sentence: "There are no scale economies, business necessities, or efficiencies which can justify this movement [toward greater concentration]. What is involved here is power—political and economic."

Following but not because of the Hart speech, part of the FCC woke up and produced a document that will jar the broadcasting industry and possibly set in motion forces that will end FCC passivity toward license renewals of radio and TV stations. Commissioners Kenneth Cox and Nicholas Johnson took the opportunity provided by a routine application for the renewal of the licenses of Oklahoma broadcasters to deliver a 308-page statement on the ills affecting broadcasting.

The two Commissioners concluded (*1*) that local stations are overwhelmingly transmitters of entertainment and news from national centers such as New York and Los Angeles; (*2*) that there is little, if any, relevant information available to local citizens about local radio and TV stations; (*3*) that "the control of the greatest share of the audience, profit, and political power lies in the hands of very few"; (*4*) that "the listening and viewing public is almost totally excluded from, and uninformed about its rights in, the station's program selection process"; (*5*) that the stations generally failed to provide their audiences with local news, entertainment, community dialogue and the airing of local controversial issues; and (*6*) that "the Commission is making virtually no use of the information it is now receiving from licensees in the renewal forms."

The Cox-Johnson statement placed major blame for this state of affairs on the FCC, calling the agency's purported review "ritual" a "sham," with no real point beyond being a "boon for the Washington, D.C., communications bar." These are strong words to describe one's own agency, but the evidence adduced in support is even stronger. The U.S. Government built the broadcasting industry on the assumption of "local service." The industry's nation-wide performance reflects the situation in Oklahoma, say the Commissioners, with stations providing almost literally no programing that can meaningfully be described as "local expression." The Oklahoma station that is best in this respect devotes only two hours a week (out of 105 to 134 hours of programing) to programs which can be classified as "local public affairs." Six stations carry less than one hour; two stations carry none.

Cox and Johnson end their analysis with seven recommendations to guide the Commission in its review of renewal applications. They form a framework of inquiry which the Commissioners hope will stimulate public-spirited groups and citizens to participate actively in the agency's renewal procedures—something which is now done almost not at all. Three years ago, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit recognized the "legal standing" of listeners who wished to challenge renewal requests before the FCC. The availability of the Cox-Johnson statement indicates that the Commissioners want this right used on a national scale.

Unfair Comment vs. Fair Trial

After it became known that District Attorney Evelle J. Younger of Los Angeles would consent to a mistrial in a murder case, George Putnam, a Los Angeles television reporter and commentator (KTLA) addressed a series of questions to his audience: "Is it true that a deal is being discussed behind the scenes on this conviction? Is it true that a mistrial . . . is being sought? And is it true that such a declaration hinges on approval from the Los Angeles County District Attorney . . . ? A mistrial? What do you think, mother?"

The final question was calculated to wring the heart of every parent who heard the broadcast, because the convicted man had been found guilty of raping and strangling two young sisters, aged 6 and 7.

Younger subsequently did join in a request for a new trial. He disclosed that Thomas P. Finnerty, Jr., the deputy district attorney who prosecuted the man, had reported that the defense attorney was under the influence of liquor at the trial—an accusation the attorney denied. Finnerty himself signed an affidavit in support of a new trial. A Los Angeles newspaper was moved to comment: "In such a situation, no responsible district attorney could have acted otherwise. Yet . . . Younger . . . was maligned ignorantly and abusively."

Granting the motion, a superior court judge said: "Not only do I feel that the defendant did not receive adequate representation, he did not have adequate preparation and investigation of his case before trial." The defense had offered no evidence and—except for lynchings— the day-and-a-half proceedings may have been the shortest capital case on record.

The denouement came on April 9 when, after a second trial lasting five weeks, the man was found not guilty.

This episode is merely an incident in the career of the Los Angeles broadcaster, who specializes in inflammatory opinion. (After the capture of the *Pueblo*, he characteristically analyzed the situation: "Too many of our people have a yellow streak a foot wide down their backs.")

Such incidents point up the need to strengthen and extend the FCC's "fairness" doctrine—which, just now, is under renewed attack.

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Walter Reuther Breaks His Chains

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

The long expected public break between Walter Reuther and George Meany has at last taken place. The façade of the AFL-CIO is cracked, and its leaders can no longer claim to speak for organized labor. The Auto Workers and the Teamsters, America's largest and most decisive unions, are outside the Meany policy-making structure. Reuther heads a union of 1.6 million workers (1.4 million dues payers and 200,000 active retirees) and he has cultivated a live-and-let-live arrangement with James Hoffa, whose 1.9 million Teamsters union has not only survived but thrived since its expulsion from the AFL-CIO.

Indifference toward social movements and change will now become a more difficult position for the aging AFL-CIO hierarchs whose gradualism is increasingly unattractive to its own members, half of whom are younger than 40 and have less than five years of union experience. The politics of Meany are the politics of Lyndon B. Johnson, whose abdication was a greater shock to the AFL-CIO leaders than to anyone else in the Democratic Party machine. (When President Johnson was applauded eighty-one times during his speech to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in April, the assembled leaders and delegates apparently failed to realize that they were cheering statements of policy which most Americans had repudiated so strongly that their sponsor despaired of re-election.)

Even if the most optimistic hopes of the AFL-CIO leaders are realized and Hubert Humphrey wins the Democratic Party nomination and the November Presidential election, union as usual and politics as usual face stormy times. Perhaps the AFL-CIO bureaucracy, plus the Democratic Party regular machine, plus the Southern Democrats can deliver the nomination to Humphrey, but that will not at all erase the new ideas and forces set in motion by Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy. And the American electorate will still have to be convinced in November.

Since most politicians are now concentrating on the primaries and the national conventions, they overlook the increasing likelihood of a steel strike this fall. The opposition between millions of tons of steel inventories and the rising expectation of the Steelworkers will make collective bargaining as usual rather difficult. The Steelworkers can match the gains of the Auto Workers only by repudiating the "austerity" advice given them by the Johnson Administration. The failure of the steel negotiators to settle the many acute plant grievances already raised increases the probability of a steel strike. And the Johnson-Humphrey forces, including the AFL-CIO leaders, will not find it easy to side-step a crisis of that magnitude on the eve of a Presidential election.

Furthermore, no one can be certain how much of labor will vote "wrong" from race prejudice. Recent municipal elections in Cleveland, Ohio, and Gary, Ind., offer no basis for optimism on this score. Nearly half of the members of unions live in suburbs—the white noose around the throat of the city ghettos—and the AFL-CIO's educational efforts over the years have been inept. A. H. Raskin of *The New York Times*, one of America's most astute labor journalists and himself a friend of many AFL-CIO leaders, wrote recently: "The typical worker—from construction craftsman to shoe clerk—has become probably the most reactionary political force in the country." This, to be sure, is an exaggeration. If the United States Commission on Civil Disorders is right that America is a "white racist society," the middle class has a larger claim to Raskin's characterization. Labor's record of support for civil rights legislation and the organization of at least 1.5 million Negroes into unions have been inadequate, but still the effort has been better than that of other social force in America, except the social movements of the Negroes themselves in recent times.

The question of labor's social position is critical, for perhaps the only real difference between Walter Reuther and George Meany is their understanding of the social crisis in America and their view of labor's role in it. For Reuther, the AFL-CIO is too fat, too complacent, too far out of touch with changing times. Reuther knows unions are richer, have better contracts, and have made some organizational gains, but to him these are tragically inadequate measures of success in a country wracked by social conflict, and tolerating poverty for millions in an otherwise affluent society.

For George Meany, "the American labor movement is in the best condition in its history," and to Reuther's appeals that the unions be revitalized, Meany replies: "We have some loud-mouth critics on our side who say we are not doing too well; that the AFL-CIO . . . has failed to display an adequate sense of social consciousness—whatever the hell that means." Reuther's eleven years of struggle within the framework of the AFL-CIO hierarchy failed utterly to educate Meany. The conflict is between a man raised in the struggles and social movement of the 1930s CIO and a man who has lived his entire life in the atmosphere of craft unions and the building trades. No one knows better than Walter Reuther that the dreams of the AFL-CIO merger in 1955 have become illusions.

When sanitation workers of Memphis struck, Reuther marched with them and gave $50,000 to the strike fund, despite vigorous criticism by the anti-Negro elements in his own union. Meany sent a representative to Memphis. It was a repetition of Reuther's response to the 1963 March on Washington, which the AFL-CIO refused to endorse.

The idealism of Senator McCarthy's "Children's Crusade" reminds Reuther of the army of young volunteers who assisted and worked in the CIO; for Meany, these are at best misguided youth following a Pied Piper down

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the road of appeasement in Vietnam. Meany has seldom lost an opportunity to display his scorn of "peaceniks," whatever brand or policy. Reuther seeks to keep a tie with the peace movements through his associates who are disturbed or opposed by the disastrous war. The AFL-CIO has endorsed Humphrey—long considered a Meany man by the UAW top leaders—and Reuther's neutrality in the primaries had been leaning toward Senator Kennedy.

People wonder what is Reuther's program, where he is going. Will he head a new union movement as John L. Lewis did when he formed the CIO in the 1930s? There are no conclusive answers; indeed, until this break there was no evidence that Reuther had answered these questions to himself or to his colleagues. But he has developed a sense of direction, of movement which must increasingly clash with the *status quo* policies of the AFL-CIO.

Just being outside the AFL-CIO hierarchy gives Reuther a sense of independence which was beyond his grasp when he faced Meany's mechanical majority in the AFL-CIO council. Perhaps 500,000 workers in three unions, rubber, chemical and federal government, will join in a loose coalition with the UAW, or make some other arrangement outside the AFL-CIO. This is no inconsiderable social base for Reuther. Much depends on what happens in the war and its aftermath, what happens this summer in the ghettos, what happens in the November election. Reuther's next step must depend largely on the outcome of these events—in none of which is labor playing the kind of role Reuther thinks it should take. What he does have is a flexibility of operation he desires and needs. Now, by separating the UAW from the AFL-CIO, Reuther automatically becomes the voice of challenge and disagreement, and gains a solid power base in the country.

Abroad, the AFL-CIO is in the process of watching, and in some respects pushing, the disintegration of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. This organization has refused to accept the dictates of the AFL-CIO in many areas, including the activities of those of its secretariats which seek a *détente* with unionists behind the iron curtain. It is plagued, thus, with an internal crisis. By contrast, the UAW has been increasing its independent work throughout the world, and its teams are establishing a dialogue with unionists everywhere. The UAW policy aim is to cool off the cold war and promote efforts for freedom and peace; the AFL-CIO still stands firmly to the cold-war hard line. So Reuther's break with Meany enables him to stay in close touch with the tumultuous changes affecting most of Europe.

American trade unions represent almost 18 million members, and their conflicts and goals cannot fail to help shape the domestic welfare of the country. As for the world overseas, recent French events suggest that it would be rashly premature to write off the "working class" in any country.

HUBERT HUMPHREY
THE ILLUSION OF CHANGE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

This article is adapted from a chapter in Mr. Sherrill's The Drugstore Liberal: Hubert H. Humphrey in Politics, *which will be published by Grossman on July 15.*

When word got back to Hubert Humphrey, earlier this year, that some of his old buddies were calling his patter "slavish" and reminiscent of Richard Nixon, he grew red, started to say one thing, stopped, and finally dismissed their protest as "the knee-jerk liberal line." He sat for a few moments staring at his desk, then swiveled slowly to look at the seal of the Vice President on his wall, the eagle's wings down, its claws holding only one arrow. "Some say I have changed." He paused. "I have."

And he has, but not in the way most of his unhappy liberal friends think. They think he has drowned his true feelings out of loyalty to the office. "Hubert faces the realities of power which are quite different from what he faced when he was not in power," says former Sen. Paul Douglas, thinking of economic affairs, not the war, for he is a hawk himself. "Hubert's heart is still good." There are countless Humphreyites like that all over Washington, all over the country. For an even better illustration, a conversation with Senator Joseph Clark:

Q. Have you talked to him since he's become Vice President? On what issues does he sound like the old Hubert?

CLARK: Yes, I've talked with him quite a bit. He gives me the impression that he's in there slugging just as hard as he can for sweetness and light, "all those things we've always longed for . . . gee, it's nice to see you lookin' swell, baby." And that he's the *one* force that holds off much worse in foreign affairs.

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Q. The *one* force?

CLARK: He and Goldberg.

Q. But he is happy about our being there, isn't he?

CLARK: He says he is. Doesn't he have to say so? Isn't he a trained seal?

Q. You're the one to say. You're his friend.

CLARK: Well, I know I'm a friend. I wouldn't have done it—I would have quit. Wouldn't have run.

Q. But the point is, if he's a fellow who can adapt, and he obviously can, is he incapable of playing honest with you, of saying, "Joe, you know I don't like to be over there but what the hell, I'm a Vice President now and I've got to be an alter ego. I can't speak what is in my heart until I'm President or out of this office"?

CLARK: He can imply it and he *has*. But it would be disloyal for him to say that to me when he knows how I feel about Johnson.

Q. But he has implied it?

CLARK: Yes. [*Goes into an imitation.*] "Jesus, Joe, if you knew what I had to put up with. I'm in there every day. . . ."

Q. Meaning, pitching for your side?

CLARK: Yeah.

Q. So you have given your argument to him, time and again?

CLARK: Yes. "Goddammit, Hubert, why do you do this? You don't have to do this. You know it's not right." . . . [*Switches again to an imitation of Humphrey.*] "I just think I have to fight from inside. I can't come out in the newspapers. I'm representing your point of view in there every day and getting my head just as bloody as it can be. Don't think I'm not in there slugging, because I am."

Q. Well, if he has a bloody head, is that why he cries so much?

CLARK: He is being torn up. In pieces. God, he's Hamlet. Stevenson was very much the same. Except Adlai was more remote. I think Hubert is being torn to pieces.

The conclusions drawn by these close friends are, so far as one can discover by combing Humphrey's career for tell-tale tendencies, pure wishing. They are a pathetic "Say it ain't so, Hubie." But it is so. When Humphrey says he has changed, he means, surely, that he no longer *has* to disguise his true feelings. He has changed to a new honesty: he no longer must pretend to be the smashing young liberal who will give the Minneapolis Red-infiltrated unions a fair shake; no longer must he pretend to be the liberal who will purify the Democratic Farm Labor Party for the all-American leftists; no longer pretend to be the leader of the liberal bloc who can deal with the national leadership successfully. Now he *is* in the leadership, and he can say straight out, as he did a few months ago, "I suppose I'm left of Center. I wouldn't deny that. But very moderately left of Center." Now he openly jeers at the "tired radicals, the militants of the 1930s who are the absentees of the 1960s"—the absentees he helped destroy. Quite accurately *Fortune* appraised him in 1965: "After allowance for differences between Minnesota and Texas, there is not much gap between his liberalism and Johnson's."

There is every reason to take Humphrey's word when he says: "Nor should some of my old friends imagine that I support some basic Administration policies merely because of constricting official involvement. I am supporting them out of clear intellectual commitment."

This commitment is firm, not only in regard to Johnson's war policy but also in regard to Johnson's favoritism for big business.

To maintain his credentials as the "prairie Populist" in the 1950s, Humphrey frequently berated the Eisenhower administration for knuckling under to big business. In 1950, speaking in Richmond, Va., he said "growing monopoly" was the greatest danger facing America. In 1952, he called the Tidelands oil bill "the greatest steal in the history of this generation." In 1953 he said big business is "calling the tune" for the Eisenhower administration on labor, as well as "every other issue," and he was still on that theme on a May morning in 1956 when, flailing his arms and shouting, the Young Democratic Club cheering him on, Humphrey made Washington's old Willard Hotel shiver to its conservative foundation. "Eisenhower's administration is not motivated by the crusading spirit," he cried. "It is for big business and of big business. Last year was the billion-dollar year—General Motors made a billion dollars and the farmers lost a billion dollars."

This kind of talk, spread over the years, gave many businessmen around the country the wrong idea. They did not have the advantage of their moneyed colleagues in Minneapolis who had quietly eased Humphrey to the top. The big boys of Minneapolis are still chuckling about the trick they pulled in 1945 when the Minneapolis Junior Chamber of Commerce voted Humphrey the city's "outstanding young man" of the year. It was part of big business' big build-up. The decision had been secretly arranged by what Bradley L. Morison, editorial writer for the *Minneapolis Times,* later called "a prime array of bank presidents, industrial leaders, and senior exceutives of almost unimpeachable Republican standing.

But the wealthy Old Guard of Minneapolis had been so stealthy about their part in the Humphrey build-up and he had been so successful in hamming himself up as a liberal that in 1964, when Johnson decided to make Humphrey his running mate, some re-imaging was needed. Johnson's long-time intimate friend, the oil-rich Texas Republican Robert B. Anderson, who had been Ike's Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of the Navy, introduced Humphrey into the right circles. Humphrey took it from there, speaking to groups of elite businessmen at every opportunity, presenting his "new" self. Suddenly the word was out, and it was understandably received as rather startling news. Austin C. Wehrwein, writing in *The New York Times,* saw, with surprise, Humphrey "emerging as an advocate of a new kind of 'tactical moderation' as a substitute for 'fiery debate by professional liberals.' The Democrat whom liberals have always regarded as 'reliable, available Hubert,' as he has put it, has become a champion of business-government partnership, even a defender of bigness in business."

But back home in Minneapolis it was a joke. Frank Premack, *Minneapolis Tribune* writer, observed: "The story of the Great Change tickles the business and labor

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leaders of this state who knew Hubert Humphrey back when. The story, they say, is myth."

And to prove his point, Premack threw in a quote from Mayor Naftalin: "He never assailed the economic royalist. His reputation as a flaming liberal was based on civil rights and labor legislation—he was never a doctrinaire liberal. . . ."

Far from being offended by Premack's disclosures, Humphrey went out of his way to call the *Tribune*'s piece to the attention of *U.S. News & World Report* in an open letter. ("I think it helps give some balance and perspective on my more recent utterances and actions relating to the American economy.") And in the same letter to *U.S. News & World Report,* which would of course go into the hands of the more conservative people around the country, Humphrey ticked off other signs of his high regard for big business: "I strongly supported the investment tax credit when many others were opposed to it. . . . I strongly supported the proposal to establish a Communications Satellite Corporation. I did this in the face of bitter opposition from some of my friends in ADA and the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. . . . I was an early advocate of a reduction in both corporate and personal income taxes. . . . I led the fight in my own state to amend the state constitution to provide a more favorable tax climate for the iron-ore and steel industry."

In measuring the tip of the Humphrey scales between labor and management, one cannot go by what he says; he has said so many flattering and so few critical things about both sides. The best measure is: which side has he struck at when it displeased him? And the answer is labor. One does not have to go back to his betrayal of local labor in the choice of a police chief for Minneapolis. One can come up to the late 1950s when Humphrey voted for the Landrum-Griffin labor reform bill, an act of heresy in the eyes of most liberals and all laborites, and one which he hardly succeeded in excusing with his statement: "You don't legislate in a vacuum. I was convinced that if we did not pass that labor bill we would have got a worse one next year."

The vote itself, however, is not so illuminating as his reaction to labor's criticism of it. Humphrey can be spiteful, and this was one of the occasions. When he heard the criticism that was being leveled at him by officials of the Central Labor Union in Minneapolis, he got George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, to investigate the CLU to see if it was conducting its affairs properly. Apparently Humphrey had been tipped off that the CLU's operational funds were low, and that it had borrowed some cash from the pension fund. This was irregular, perhaps, but it was exactly what the national AFL-CIO was doing with its pension fund. Meany, at Humphrey's behest, put the CLU under a trusteeship, sent out a strong man who antagonized half the union officials in Minneapolis, and succeeded in splitting the CLU. It is still split, and the laboring movement in the state is to that extent much weaker. Humphrey has never pulled that kind of thing on management.

Some have suggested that Humphrey could at least show the good taste of keeping his mouth shut when confronting the imponderables of the war. On a February 11, 1968, *Meet the Press* show, Charles Murphy of N.B.C. asked Sen. Eugene McCarthy: "Let's say your roles were reversed. Suppose you were chosen Vice President. What would you be doing; would you be defending the President's war policies as Mr. Humphrey is?" McCarthy answered: "I don't think I would be. I have said this before. . . . I don't think there is any way in which a Vice Presi-

Guindon

"Not Only Were We Wrong About Johnson, We Were Wrong About Humphrey Too."

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dent can be compelled to support publicly a position taken by a President with which he disagrees. And I anticipate that if I were the Vice President now, I think I would be quiet."

(McCarthy and Humphrey have been close acquaintances, but not bosom buddies. McCarthy has never forgiven Humphrey for standing aloof when he, McCarthy, was fighting for the DFL convention nomination to the Senate in 1958. Furthermore, while Humphrey was acting neutral, his people openly worked for McCarthy's rival.)

Such comments as that by McCarthy, a political colleague, are obviously intended to put Humphrey on the spot by suggesting that if he doesn't believe what he says about the war, he needn't say it. But there is nothing wrong with Humphrey's talking in defense of the war since he does believe in it.

Humphrey is grateful to Johnson for making him what he is today. Back in the early 1950s, Johnson said of Humphrey, "I wish I could be that boy's trainer." In the last three years he has had the opportunity as never before, and Humphrey has responded in a way that must give Johnson satisfaction. "I am Vice President because he made me Vice President." And on another occasion: "Every word we utter, everything we do, reflects directly on the President and on the White House. We must dress, act, and speak with dignity, wisely and prudently —and with that in mind. The first duty of the Vice President is loyalty. I must be his devoted and loyal friend and support." He *likes* Johnson; he *likes* the Johnson style, once comparing it with deep satisfaction to the Kennedy administration in this way: "It's like the difference between the court of Louis XIV and the early American Republic under Andrew Jackson." He left no doubt as to which he preferred.

As for Johnson's basic conservatism, Humphrey has never seen it that way, or at least he has never seen Johnson as basically more conservative than he himself is. When he and Johnson first went to the Senate in 1949, Humphrey introduced him to his wife as "that new liberal Democratic Senator from Texas." Others in those days—an era when Johnson sneered at "all those bleeding-heart liberals, those red-hots, red-eyes, and pinkos"—would have considered this to be a social *gaffe,* but Humphrey has always felt that Johnson was more liberal than generally rated, just as he has felt himself to be more conservative than generally rated.

The loyalty is not entirely one-sided. True, Johnson once shipped Humphrey off to Asia with so little pre-junket tutoring that he made a fool of himself at several stops. John Randolph of the *Los Angeles Times* reported this Humphrey happening at a 1967 diplomatic gathering in Saigon: "Going up to the Laotian delegate, Prince Outhong Souvannavong, chairman of the Laotian Royal Council, Humphrey inquired enthusiastically: 'And how is your wonderful President?' The Prince was momentarily taken aback, hesitated, and then replied: 'But Mr. Humphrey, we still have our king, you know.' A moment later Humphrey said almost the same thing to the Thai delegate —who similarly was compelled to point out that Thailand, too, was still a monarchy. Unabashed, Humphrey tried it again with Foreign Minister Narcisco Ramos of the Republic of the Philippines—and finally hit the jackpot."

On occasion Johnson has made sport of Humphrey's dignity by hoisting him onto a horse and equipping him with a totally unsuitable cowboy hat, down on the ranch. He has treated him to the indelicacies that any servant of Johnson must contend with. But on the other hand, the rushed assignment to Asia was itself an attempt on Johnson's part to bolster the sagging public popularity of Humphrey, as shown by opinion polls. "Operation Help Hubert," Barry Goldwater called it, "the most valiant rescue effort since the evacuation of Dunkirk." Since then Humphrey has been sent back to the Far East to keep his image fresh. And while Johnson subjects Humphrey to indecencies, he will not allow others to do so. "The next time you keep Hubert waiting," he told a White House aide, "I'll kick your ass down the hall."

Humphrey even dissented on one rare occasion, though he had to do it slyly. In 1966 he quietly sided with critics of the Administration's high-interest-rate policy. When Sen. Albert Gore was attacking the rates in a Senate speech, he noticed that Humphrey was listening closely and said: "I am so pleased and complimented with the attention of the distinguished presiding officer. I hope he will take this message to the right place." Humphrey sent a response to Gore by page. It read: "The Vice President doesn't set the interest rate. You are making a good fight." Humphrey's hardly concealed unhappiness with the Administration's money policies that year was counted as his first major dissent, and his last.

"The liberal approach must be experimental, the solutions tentative, the test pragmatic," Humphrey wrote in *The American Scholar* in 1955. That *might* be a good description of the liberal approach; but it is one of those all-purpose descriptions that will apply as well to the conservative approach. His statement is, in fact, a perfect specimen of the philosophical profundities found in corporations' annual reports. It points in no particular direction; it would as well apply to the problems of an expanding tractor dealership as to the problems of birth control.

Humphrey's liberal standards are such as to make him an authentic American, of a tragic type. Of those who exerted "hero" influences on his early life, William Jennings Bryan (who converted Humphrey's father to the Democratic Party) rated very high, not far behind Woodrow Wilson. Humphrey learned some of Bryan's windy speeches by heart when he was young. It will not do to draw too tightly the comparison, but just as the Wilsonian view of the world seems unusually similar to Humphrey's, so does the feeble, wavering decency of Bryan seem strikingly to have its echo in Humphrey's life. Around the turn of the century, R. F. Pettigrew, the great radical U.S. Senator from Humphrey's home state, South Dakota, described Bryan as "weak, not corrupt. He is a type of the 'good man' that so often fools the American people. He is vacillating, uncertain, overlooking the fundamental things, ignorant of the forces that are shaping American public life, incapable of thinking in terms of reality, but making phrases as a substitute for thought. He has traveled around the world, yet he knows little of international

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Moi-San, Carrefour (France)

affairs. He has been from one end of the United States to another, yet he is ignorant of America. This is Bryanism—a fluent tongue, a resonant voice, the plausible statement of half-truths, an appeal to the passions and prejudices of the moment, a mediocre mind, and a verbal fealty to 'right,' 'justice,' 'liberty' and 'brotherhood.'" Humphrey has a first-class mind, but in other ways the hero and the hero worshiper have a remarkable number of characteristics in common.

Happy to be free of some of his old liberal pretensions, Humphrey has not, however, always had the courage to celebrate his freedom in an open way. His manner of departure from Americans for Democratic Action was symptomatic. When the ADA executive committee in February voted to support Eugene McCarthy for the Presidency, everyone wondered what Humphrey would do about his membership in that organization, which he had served as an officer for years and in which many of his oldest friendships were planted. Could he, as Johnson's number-one apologist—"our own Vietnam hog-caller," to use Hans Koningsberger's evocative phrase—keep his membership in a group supporting a politician whose main objective was to oppose LBJ's war policies? After the committee meeting, several ADA leaders held a press conference at which economist J. Kenneth Galbraith was asked if he thought Humphrey would resign. "I hope he won't," said Galbraith. "We have a great deal of affection for him." To the same question Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., said: "I don't know. I haven't talked to him about it. But this does put him in a tight spot." As these statements show, the top men in the ADA considered Humphrey to be still a member.

But the next day Humphrey's office announced that, in fact, Humphrey had quit the ADA three years earlier, when he became Vice President. "We've not said much about it," commented Norman Sherman, Humphrey's press secretary. Indeed they hadn't. In fact, they hadn't said *anything* about it. Joseph Rauh, who has always enjoyed serving as Humphrey's Sancho Panza, insisted that Humphrey had sent a letter of resignation to ADA headquarters, that the letter was supposed to sever all ties with the organization, and that he, Rauh, had in fact helped draft the letter. All of which was camouflage for a timorous, if not sleazily disloyal, performance by Humphrey. The letter he sent to the ADA on September 2, 1964, did not sever all ties to the organization. It assures ADA officials that "I shall retain my membership in the organization *at least* through the election. . . ." Until they heard from him to the contrary, the letter clearly implied, he would remain a member. But the ADA never heard from him again. He simply ceased paying his dues, tiptoed out the back door, and waited for circumstances to force him into announcing that he was gone.

But all such things are beside the point at which Humphrey's whole life and career are now focused. He is no longer interested much in organizational fealties, in issues, in ideologies, in programs, in personal independence, in private judgments, in the tensions of morality, except as these have a bearing on his aim to become President. And until recently that has been altogether a waiting game; to some degree, it still is. His immediate task, as he sees it, is to stay safe, not to think up new ideas. Despite Johnson's promise to leave the White House, the body Humphrey serves is still warm and still inhibiting; so he must wait for the national convention to free him, one way or the other.

He once described his office disparagingly as a place in which "you stand around waiting for somebody else to catch cold"—and then, perhaps, double pneumonia. Kings of old, in a usually futile effort to maintain humility, would often keep near at hand a sign reminding them of their mortality. Vice Presidents are the modern equivalent of that sign. Lyndon Johnson might have died; the job of President is very taxing and his heart had almost stopped forever in the mid-fifties. Or he might have been killed; no politician can make as many enemies as a President and no President has made more than Lyndon Johnson; he made so many, in fact, that the Secret Service quit announcing his travel schedule for fear of an assassin.

The awareness of these possibilities was always there to lift Hubert's spirits if they should sag, which was not likely. And so—when nothing so dramatic as sudden death but merely an ingrained distrust and dislike (quite measurable by polls) forced Lyndon Johnson to throw in his hand—the nation discovered, with no surprise at all, that the "girl next door," Hubert the Exuberant, had his enthusiasms all packed and ready. Gee whiz, *certainly* he would run in place of his Chief! Golly yes, he was eager to round up the stragglers and lead the nation on down that long, long trail toward what Hubert ecstatically described, in his announcement speech, as "the politics of Happiness . . . the politics of Joy!" The cities might be ablaze, unemployment in some ghetto retreats might be as much as 40 per cent, thousands of Negroes and whites might be literally starving because of an inadequate federal food program, the gold standard might be in precari-

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ous condition, the dollar might be anemic—but never mind that right now, because the thing that counted was that he was *running* again, and gosh it felt good. "It's just like a resurrection," he said, adding his only modest statement on his record this year, "but much less spectacular."

Already he has gathered around him an imposing force: most of the big-city bosses are with him; the more reactionary wings of the labor hierarchy have announced for him; Southern Democratic leaders such as Texas Gov. John Connally like him, and say so publicly; and such saints of capitalism as Henry Ford II, Jacob Blaustein of the American Oil Co., and financier Sidney Weinberg are not only for him but are helping him to raise a bountiful war chest. On May 1 he spent three hours in New York and came away with promises for $750,000. His role in the fund-raising operation was a twenty-minute speech. That's quite a political honorarium: $37,500 per minute.

Big labor, big-city bosses, big business, and big boondoggle, too. As Alan Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* put it: "There's the widespread though unproved belief that the Administration's muscle—everything from defense contracts and Model City grants to patronage and public works projects—is ready to be applied in the Vice President's behalf."

So if some of the livelier liberals have no heart to follow this bubbling politician, he will not try to hold them. They were useful once, but not so useful as others now. He will see them off amicably, though, for he is that kind of man. "I'm sure you'll find some of our old friends on the other side of the fence," he says, waving in a cheerful way at some imaginary boundary. "They don't have to take orders from me. I don't take orders from them. Let them make their choice. I've made mine."

HARRY GOLDEN

DR. Reginald Hawkins is a middle-aged dentist in Charlotte, N.C. He has just proved that a Negro may indeed become the governor of the Tar Heel state in the near future. In the Democratic primary held several weeks ago, Dr. Hawkins, the only colored candidate, polled 125,000 out of 400,000 Negro votes in the state. Four hundred thousand Negro votes, plus 10 per cent whites, would easily nominate.

There are probably two reasons why Dr. Hawkins did not get this plurality. The first is his unpopularity. Dr. Hawkins is involved in a serious charge, which his dental board is investigating. It is alleged he overcharged poor people who were seeking dental work under the poverty program. Mecklenburg County registrars have also indicted him for abuse of election laws. Dr. Hawkins is supposed to have sworn Negroes as voters against the rules. The second reason, of course, is Negro apathy. Negroes are poor people and, as experienced politicians will testify, the poor are slow to learn that they can advance their interests at the polls. It is a sad fact, but a fact.

What Dr. Hawkins did do, however, was conduct an intelligent campaign, the kind which will eventually succeed if it unites Negroes and poor whites. The dentist proved that the poor will advance their interests only by forming a coalition with unionists and Negroes. This combination would carry any North Carolina election.

Poor whites would tend, one would think, to favor the progressive element in politics. But because of racism, poor whites enlist in the cause of the reactionaries. This is an outrageous tragedy and it is not enough to denounce it, we must abolish it.

To believe this will happen is not chimerical. Indeed, poor whites and Negroes united in the Populist movement which swept over the South in the 1890s. Negroes and whites shared the same platform and called one another "brethren." One of the reasons for the introduction of Jim Crow laws and disenfranchisement was the desire of the city politicians to break up this rural organization.

Along the Lower East Side of New York little sympathy was shared among Jews, Italians and Irish. They neither married one another nor did they for that matter say hello. But Tammany Hall taught them that if they voted together they could achieve equity, which is precisely what they did achieve.

The next step in the civil rights movement should proceed from protest to politics. If the coalition of unionists, Negroes and poor whites could include the liberal and radical element of the middle class, as well as youth, it could not resolve all the problems of the South, but the South would be a lot nearer to solution than it is now.

The hurdle is to get the Negroes to the election place. Fred Alexander, a Charlotte real estate man, a graduate of Howard University, did succeed in this when he ran for the city council. Alexander was the first Negro to take a seat on the council. His election, in fact, caused an uproar in the state legislature whose die-hard members wanted to pass a law legislating against the "bullet vote." For the Negroes in Charlotte voted only for Alexander on the long slate of councilman—a tactic which insured his election.

Some of the more astute legislators reminded the hotheads that many an elected Representative and Senator takes his seat because his organization is instructed in the delights of the bullet vote.

Alexander has proved himself a more than competent member of the city council. For one thing, he took his seat promising a concern for all of Charlotte instead of a narrow concern for his colored constituency. This strategy has taught the councilmen they can work with him. Because they can, the Negro constituency has benefited.

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OUR PRESS AND THEIRS

THE MASK OF OBJECTIVITY

LESLIE R. COLITT
Mr. Colitt has recently left the foreign desk of The New York Times *to join the Reuters News Service. He has lived for five years in Germany, and while there wrote a book,* The Other Germany, *which covered East Germany and was published in West Germany.*

"American newspaper publishers can be grateful that their readers are not more cynical about newspapers than they already are," the Washington correspondent of a large European newspaper said to me. "The reader, for example, has little idea why Robert Kennedy got the kind of coverage he did in your best newspapers. It seems very objective on the surface—all the facts are there and the quotes are in context. Of course, you couldn't blame the Senator. What I do question is whether every utterance by him on whatever subject was fit to print day after day in the leading newspapers."

Some thoughtful American journalists, moreover, doubt that the American journalistic tradition of separating news from editorial opinion guarantees objective news presentation. James Reston, in *Artillery of the Press*, notes that for American news agencies and newspapers, objective reporting "came to mean that 'news' was anything any bigshot said."

Criticism on this score has become so frequent that editors say they no longer adhere to the concept of objective reporting. They now prefer "balanced reporting," a new label as misleading as the old.

I intend in a moment to compare the quality of what appears in some of the leading American papers with the standards of the best European journalism. But first consider how objectivity has distorted our best-informed, best-written and best-intentioned newspapers. How, for example, did Senator Kennedy's coverage reach such proportions? Cynics say it reflected a pact between the Senator and the newspapers sharing his aims. Other found it a natural expression of interest in the man who was attempting to carry on his brother's legacy. The case is far more subtle than either of these explanations would suggest.

Shortly after Kennedy's election to office, and in spite of a decidedly unenthusiastic press, he met individually with executives of the most important American newspapers. They were impressed by the zeal and sincerity with which he presented his ideas. Now, they would demonstrate their objectivity with a vengeance. There was no need to tell editors that Kennedy was to be given a fair hearing during his first months in office. Such policy is neither spoken nor written at a newspaper. It is sensed.

The best political reporters were assigned to the Senator and story suggestions from his aides were gratefully received. In their eagerness to please, editors overreacted. "The whole thing snowballed and nobody has the guts to stop it," said a reporter at one of the newspapers.

When publishers and editors are not mesmerized by personalities, they vaguely sense that something is lacking in the distribution of information. Thus they increasingly favor the in-depth, interpretative article. This tightrope walk on the hallowed line dividing news from comment only underscores the contradiction inherent in trying to give meaning to the news without expressing an opinion. The reporter-analyst, forced to mask his own views, falls back on that time-honored American journalistic practice, the balanced scale. Various views on an issue are presented, point-counterpoint, and the only opinion omitted is the one that would mean most to the reader—the reporter's own.

The country's best newspapers are a daily showcase for objective reporting that has no meaning or, worse yet, that is misleading. It has become accepted that any statement of a government official is news, but when an official deliberately peddles falsehoods as an exclusive story, a reporter must balk. If the temptation is too great and the information is published as given, the newspaper has compromised itself.

The New York Times, on November 10, 1967, ran the following front-page story under a Washington dateline:

> The defection of Lieut. Col. Yevgeny Y. Runge, a 39-year-old Soviet intelligence officer, is regarded as a windfall by United States intelligence officials. . . .
>
> They are utilizing the case to pursue what they consider a new emphasis on the uses of "illegal" agents in Soviet espionage, to promote closer cooperation among Western security services and to counteract what they consider the tendency of some American officials, intent on "building bridges" to the Soviet Union to minimize Soviet espionage practices. . . .

The techniques of objective reporting are adhered to—on the surface. The reporter is careful not to present the views of CIA officials as his own. He objectivizes by using the well-worn phrases "is regarded" and "what they consider." But this veneer of objectivity is suddenly discarded further on in the piece, when the reporter hammers home the message for those who didn't get it earlier:

> Elements in the intelligence community have long believed that some American political officials in their desire to "build bridges" have underestimated hostile aspects of Soviet policy including espionage.

This violates a ground rule of balanced reporting; no attempt is made to give the views of the State Department bridge builders, who are the subject of some very serious accusations. And instead of enabling readers to put the accusations in some perspective by reminding them of the bitter feud between CIA and State Department officials, the reporter allows the CIA virtually to dictate the rest of his story.

> In publicizing the Runge case, intelligence officials here disavow any desire of reviving the "cold war" mentality. But they are evidently concerned about some State Department officials who are so intent on steps to

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improve relations with the Soviet Union by stressing such "positive" steps as increased trade . . . that they advocate minimizing news of such "negative" factors as espionage and defections.

This is an insult to the intelligence of the informed reader who knows from other *Times* news articles that the improvement in relations has proceeded quite apart from the espionage war that continues on by both sides.

Even this story would have been much more honest if it had been presented as the opinion of the reporter, as would happen in a European newspaper. The reader would immediately know the reporter's position and could draw his own conclusion. He cannot do so when the newspaper claims objectivity, for he must assume the impartiality of every reporter in every instance.

Readers of *Die Welt,* the "independent newspaper for Germany" (a misnomer, but there is otherwise no mistaking *Die Welt*'s conservatism), were long inundated by articles describing the depressed economic conditions under which their countrymen lived in East Germany. The reporters made no secret of their intent: East Germany could never be recognized by Bonn as a second German state because it could not satisfy even the basic needs of its people.

Only after a series of public opinion polls disclosed that a great number of West Germans (including readers of *Die Welt*) favored such recognition did the paper change its tack. Conditions in the East were thereupon described as vastly improved—as they were—but this was said to be a result of the energy of the people and not of East German socialism. *Die Welt*'s readers continued to seek between the lines for their own opinions. It was easy, because reporters never concealed their biases.

Le Monde is the most brilliant example of the postwar European newspapers that blend information and opinion. Harrison Salisbury of the *Times*, who himself has often ventured across the arbitrary border between fact and opinion, has said that he is continually fascinated by *Le Monde*'s insights.

An American reading this French paper for the first time is struck by the logical organization of the news by geographical area and by the well-informed commentary. Area experts in the Paris office, who closely follow developments in their region, often add background material to dispatches from correspondents. This practice is followed also at *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, but with an important difference. Here, the sidebar piece or shirttail material is usually written by a rewrite man or reporter who would be the first to admit he has little more knowledge of the particular subject than can be gleaned quickly from morgue clippings It is in this way, also, that misinformation from previous articles is perpetuated.

Foreign correspondents of *Le Monde,* as of most European and British newspapers, are usually men with a deep interest in the area they cover. They are posted for years in one country and the feeling they develop for it is reflected in their articles. American newspaper executives believe, on the other hand, that a correspondent becomes stale after two or three years in one place, and since a theory prevails that all the world speaks English, he is not often required to have any competence in the language of the country he is to cover. In practice, that makes correspondents dependent on USIA digests of the local press. Foreign employees of their bureaus are usually the only link these correspondents have with the people of the country. A dedicated correspondent will eventually learn the language, but a year elapses before he can understand what officials are saying when they are not condescending to him in English.

"The American reporter is often unsuited by his education and experience for a post abroad," observed Philip Ben, New York correspondent of *Le Monde*. "We would not think of sending a man to Moscow who does not speak fluent Russian and have a solid background in Soviet affairs. American newspaper editors somehow believe that a good police reporter will make an equally good foreign reporter. No, the world is far too complex for this."

With some outstanding exceptions, past experience supports Mr. Ben's opinion. American correspondents are at their best in times of war or other crisis, when their competitive spirit is aroused. Vietnam, the Middle East War, Greece and Cyprus are made to order for them. Conversely, the worst coverage is in those areas where confusing political and social currents lie below the surface and the reporter must dig.

Thus, Europe, with the exception of *Times* coverage of Spain and of West Germany since 1966, has been badly reported in the United States. It is paradoxical that while editors complain of lack of space for foreign news, they continue to fill their columns with repetitive light features on the crowded highways of Western Europe (they clog a little more each year) or the used car market in Warsaw. This latter item is discovered by every new *Times* correspondent in Poland.

To the credit of its present foreign editor, the *Times* is now attempting to banish the junk feature and to improve coverage in the noncrisis areas. But the unwieldy structure of the newspaper, the lack of expert knowledge among intermediate news managers and processers, and the complacency of many correspondents make real progress questionable.

The rigid division and rivalries among foreign, national and city desks on leading American newspapers prevents them from ever relating stories on domestic problems—in housing, deteriorating city centers, welfare, etc.—with the experiences of other countries in these areas. European

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papers often enlighten their readers with international comparisons of this sort. Europe's revitalized cities may not answer all our questions, but editors are not even interested in asking them.

The reader who accumulates all his knowledge of Europe from the best American newspapers and who then visits Europe for the first time, or after a long absence, is dismayed that what he read conveyed so little of the immediate reality of these countries—how the people live. Louis Heren, Washington correspondent of *The Times* of London, quoted a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* on the attitude of American officials toward Europe. It could equally be said of too many newspaper editors:

> Their idea of Europe is a place of ruins, perhaps picturesque, quaint and civilized, but lacking in the prime reality conferred by the American present. One must also add lacking in power, hence the increasing preoccupation with the Soviet Union.

American editors who have long looked to British quality newspapers for inspiration in foreign coverage would be better advised to read *Le Monde*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and *Die Zeit*. A recent issue of *The Times* of London told the story: Not one foreign news item was considered important enough for the front page, while a dozen important European newspapers, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* thought otherwise.

Yet British quality newspapers remain more literate, lively and direct than their American counterparts. One often encounters the reporter's provocative, unanswered question, which may cause a reader to think more than a whole array of facts.

One British and Continental practice that helps penetrate the often narrow outlook of editors is the publishing of views by knowledgeable outsiders on current political, social and cultural topics. A recent *Times* of London piece by Prof. Fred Hoyle placed the raging debate on British productivity in perspective:

> In fairness it must be said that Americans do not achieve high productivity without social disadvantages. The pressure of American life is a form of communal urgency which prevents worthwhile relaxation. . . . I would have sympathy with a critic who argued that we do not want this sort of thing here, and that Britain, in spite of all its faults, is still a more pleasant place in which to live than the United States. My answer is that a margin of 200 per cent between the two ways of life leaves ample scope for a compromise that could be better than either.

In cultural writing the European press is consistently superior to the best American newspapers. Significantly, the Americans assign such material to the cultural news or entertainment department, which is usually subordinate to the city desk. It is not surprising, thus, that there must always be a news peg for a story on the arts and sciences, and most often a contrived one. Here again, there is little American quality newspapers can learn from their British counterparts, except to place emphasis on criticism rather than on mere reviewing of the arts. On the Continent, where newspapers maintain independent culture departments, staffed by writers educated in the arts, freedom from the arbitrarily tight deadline results in coverage which is useful to the expert and stimulates the proverbial tired businessman.

Perhaps the greatest and least excusable failing of American newspapers has been their indifference toward the quality of their environment. Apart from excellent but infrequent articles on city planning and architecture by Ada Louise Huxtable in the *Times* and Wolf von Eckardt in *The Washington Post*, newspapers have refused to deal with the very factors in the cities which have been producing the "urban crisis," a phrase they never tire of repeating.

American newspaper editors, like the public in general, are not seriously determined to achieve livable cities, although they occasionally pay lip service to the goal in editorials. The problems of the cities are treated in potshot fashion. *The New York Times* runs a slew of news stories on vest pocket parks after Mayor Lindsay appears at one prospective site in Harlem; or it devotes a front-page article to route and schedule changes in the subway system, with great detail on the expected improvements in service (none of which have come about). The article never touches on the question of whether the city has any long-range plan to modernize decrepit subway stations and install effective directional signs. It may be that Transit Authority spokesmen are not eager to discuss such matters, but that hardly excuses the reporter for having become a transmitter of news releases.

British and Continental newspapers show far more concern for the quality of city life. A typical article in *The Observer* earlier this year criticized London's beautification program for city squares. The reporter noted the ubiquitous flower beds: "No attempt at all to plant with wit and elegance." He cited the beautifully polished drinking fountain which doesn't work, the standard-issue park seats, the litter bin and five instant trees. Granted that American reporters might have some trouble finding flower beds to criticize, there is enough else. This kind of reporting, with suggestions for improvement, causes European city officials to listen and eventually act.

When American newspapers do touch on such questions, the precepts of balanced news reporting prevent them from advocating change. It is as if there were an unwritten rule that city officials are not to be unduly antagonized, lest the flow of handouts and exclusive leaks be jeopardized. The unwitting reporter who does suggest a story on, let us say, the miserable state of New York City's sidewalks, is asked by his editors, "What's the news peg?" That the city's sidewalks are creviced and potholed and in worse condition than in any major Western city is a condition they accept as too normal for comment. And comment in any case is what they seek to avoid. If the reporter persists, he is told to see the responsible city officials—the traditional source for an optimistic report on what is being planned for the next five years "to continue the newly expanded repair program."

The reporter resigns himself to setting down the facts. But he has been so indoctrinated with the notion that it would be highly unprofessional of him to have an opinion—and close to immoral to express it—that the facts themselves often escape his grasp.

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GUERRILLAS OF RIO ARRIBA

THE NEW MEXICAN LAND WAR

CLARK KNOWLTON

Mr. Knowlton heads the Department of Sociology at the University of Texas, El Paso. For the past eight years, he has been working intensively and writing widely about the plight of Mexican Americans, and in general about the problem of poverty in the Southwest.

El Paso

Fear hangs low over the green mountains of impoverished Rio Arriba County in northern New Mexico. Its tendrils swirl down the mountain sides into the irregular streets of the half-abandoned Spanish-American adobe villages. Local inhabitants tend strictly to their own affairs. Strangers are carefully observed and avoided. Guns and dogs are kept at the bedside. Fear penetrates the isolated ranch houses of the intruding Anglo-American ranchers who hire gunmen to protect their families and property. Fear chills the atmosphere around the ranger stations. Rangers avoid the isolated sections of the national forests. It is Alianza country. Fear glints from the badges of heavily armed state troopers and deputy sheriffs patrolling the roads and watching activities in the villages. The picturesque mountains are empty of hikers and campers.

Fear, although thicker today, has always haunted the hills and valleys of northern New Mexico. For almost 250 years, Spanish-American villagers and ranchers slowly moved northward against firm Indian resistance and without much government support. Unable to secure guns and ammunition until the coming of the Americans, Spanish-American frontiersmen adopted the lances, bows and arrows of their Indian opponents. The situation in many respects came to resemble that of the Scottish-English border of the 17th century. Apache, Navajo, Comanche and Spanish-American war parties regularly tithed one another's herds, crops and children. At the same time, an intensive trade in horses, slaves, hides, furs and other products was carried on.

Each village, socially and physically isolated by mountainous topography, heavy winter snows, lack of roads, chronic Indian attacks and poverty, became a small, self-contained and slowly changing peasant world. The villagers, without schools or priests, had little contact for almost 300 years with other European groups. The distinctive peasant culture that evolved is somewhat different from the culture of other Spanish-speaking groups in the Southwest, and the reluctance of the village people to leave their villages except for short visits has always been recognized in New Mexico. The world outside was strange, alien and dangerous. Little sense of identity with any social unit larger than the village community has existed among these Spanish Americans until very recently. The concepts of ethnic solidarity, regionalism, or nationalism have had little meaning for them.

In 1847, the Spanish Americans were absorbed into the United States by military conquest and against their will. Although their property and civil rights were presumably protected by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that ended the Mexican War, the Spanish Americans were treated as a conquered people by the incoming Anglos. Abandoned by both the American and Mexican Governments, the rural, illiterate, Spanish-speaking village people, with little knowledge of American laws and customs, were left to the contemptuous mercy of the ruthless, dynamic, materialistic, individualistic frontier culture.

Ranchers with six-shooters drove them from their grazing lands. Businessmen entrapped them with credit and foreclosures. Anglo-American-controlled sheriffs seized their small farms and ranches for nonpayment of the hated land tax. State and federal agencies confiscated large areas of their lands without compensation. The Spanish Americans were caught in the web of unfamiliar political, economic and judicial systems. Stripped of their lands, they were reduced to the position of a rural proletariat. One authority estimates that the Spanish Americans from the 1880s to the 1930s lost more than 2 million acres of private lands and 1.7 million acres of communal lands to private holders, 1.8 million acres to the state government, and an even vaster but uncounted acreage to the federal government. The destruction of the Spanish-American rural village economy created a large depressed region marked by rates of disease, malnutrition, hunger, infant mortality, unemployment and welfare at least as high as similar rates among the Negroes of Mississippi.

Molded by their past experiences, the Spanish Americans are fearful and profoundly skeptical of the moral structure of the American political system. It is doubtful that many of them have ever understood its values or processes. And that is not surprising, since it is equally doubtful that these values or processes have ever been applied to northern New Mexico. To the local people, organized government is a conspiracy against the common welfare. Those individuals of Spanish-American origin who enter politics are dismissed as having sold out to the

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Anglo-Americans. Quite often the Spanish Americans are right.

Few state or federal political candidates ever visit the roadless Spanish-American settlements in the mountain canyons and valleys. Once every two years, political caravans tour the larger and more accessible villages. Alcohol, promises, money and oratory flow freely. Political manifestoes in debased Spanish (it is the one time that the Spanish language is even recognized in New Mexico) are widely distributed. Votes are bought and sold. The caravan departs in the morning, promises forgotten. For more than fifty years, Republican programs and Democratic programs have come in fanfare and departed in stealth, while social and economic conditions in northern New Mexico have continued to deteriorate.

The fires of discontent have always burned in the northern mountains. The anger flares up in an epidemic of fence cutting, barn and ranch-house burnings, and warnings to the Anglo-American ranchers and politicians to vacate Spanish-American lands. Cries for law and order bring out the troops and the National Guard. Numerous Spanish Americans are jailed, their protest organizations are repressed, their leaders are exiled, assassinated or imprisoned. The flames die down and the Anglo-Americans forget. However, the names and exploits of past Spanish-American leaders are kept alive in the stories and chronicles told and sung in the village bars. A new Spanish-American generation appears; new causes of protest arise; new protest organizations develop. The cycle starts all over again.

Anger, bitterness and resentment are blazing hot today. State officials armed with writs are traveling from village to village requiring that villagers prove their title to the irrigation water they use. Centuries-old Spanish-American customs of water use and ownership are being disregarded. The villagers are convinced that they are to lose their water as they lost their land. Spanish-American grazing rights in the national forests have been sharply reduced in the past two or three years. The small herds of beef cattle and sheep are thus forcibly reduced, since the village people have no other source of range. Anglo-American horses still graze freely in the forests. Hundreds of small farming and ranching families are faced with either emigrating to the urban slums or going on welfare.

The breaking point came suddenly in 1967. Thirteen fires were deliberately set that summer in the national forests. Anglo-American ranchers, schoolteachers, social workers and government employees reported growing hostility in the rural areas. Armed Spanish Americans were observed in the high mountains. Cars and pick-up trucks avoiding the police, whose presence is as heavy in northern New Mexico as is that of the civil guards in rural Spain, scurried from one village to another. Meetings took place in most of the villages. The local people bitterly denounced the closing of village schools, the lack of roads, malnutrition, loss of land and water, discrimination, erosion of grazing rights, and the failure of state or federal government agencies to pay attention to Spanish-American needs and aspirations. The Alianza Federal de Mercedes—the Federal Alliance of Land Grantees, now known as the Alliance of Free City States—is the largest, the fastest growing, the most vigorous, and the most important of a number of Spanish-American protest organizations. Formed around 1963, it was largely ignored by the Anglo-American community, and noticed only with ridicule by the press, which defined it as but one more of the many absurd organizations the Spanish Americans were always forming. Its meetings from 1963 to 1965 were attended largely by the rural poor, elderly Spanish Americans who still had hopes of recovering the lands taken from them.

In 1966, its membership began to spurt. Alianza organizers became active in most of the villages. Young people and veterans began to attend its meetings. Rural poor and urban poor flocked into its ranks. The message of the Alianza was simple and to the point: "You have been robbed of your lands, your water rights, your grazing rights, your language and your culture by the Anglo-Americans. No one is interested in helping you. Join us. Together, we will get the land back—preferably through the courts or Congress, but one way or another we will get it back." More and more Spanish Americans began to believe.

Reies Lopez Tijerina, the tall, thin, nervous president of the Alianza, casts a growing shadow across New Mexico. A walking encyclopedia of land-grant history, he has traveled to Spain and to Mexico in search of data on the question. Constantly on the move from one village to another, he tirelessly repeats to receptive audiences the old stories of Spanish-American wrongs. Compelling and dynamic, he uses the common Spanish better than any other Spanish-American leader in New Mexico. To the despair of reporters and newcasters, he is capable of speaking for five or six hours at a time. He is now in jail, but he still dominates the scene.

The intensity of Tijerina's bitterness stems from his own history. He was born on September 21, 1923, into a poor rural migrant family in Falls City, Tex. His father, thrice widowed, raised ten children. The family moved in the migrant stream from the Lower Rio Grande Valley up to the Midwest and back through the Panhandle of Texas. Tijerina relates that he attended twenty different schools for a total of six months' education. He says that as a child he saw his family driven away from three farms at the point of an owner's gun, to avoid the payment of wages. His father had the tendons of one leg cut during a fight with Texas Rangers. Ranchers and rangers twice almost lynched his paternal grandfather in land conflicts around Laredo.

The New Testament changed the course of Tijerina's life. A Baptist minister left a copy with the family during a visit to a migrant labor camp in the Midwest. Tijerina read it through before falling asleep that night. In his sleep, he dreamed that he had been called to be a spiritual leader of his people. Leaving the harvest fields, he enrolled at an Assembly of God seminary in Ysleta, Tex. He was licensed as a minister and became an itinerant minister and missionary, working as a migrant and preaching in the fields and camps. To the despair of his wife, he thrice gave away everything he owned to needy

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migrants. He finally lost his license to preach when he told his audience that they had no right to give money to the church when their families were in need.

Leading a small congregation, he moved to Pima County, Ariz. The group worked together and managed to accumulate enough money to buy a piece of land. They built houses for their families and, by farming a little themselves and working for neighboring ranchers and farmers and in nearby towns, the small group eked out a living. At first, they got along well with their Anglo-American neighbors; then, it was announced that the site containing their land had been selected for the development of a retirement colony, and land values began to rise. Tijerina and his group refused to sell. Their refusal incensed the other owners and neighbors. Accusations of burglary, immorality, trespass and Communist activities circulated in the county. Houses and other buildings were burned, and there were several violent encounters between Tijerina and the Anglo-Americans. In the end, Tijerina and a small group of families moved to Tierra Amarilla, N.M.

Tierra Amarilla, founded by Spanish-American pioneers who often rose against Spanish and Mexican governors, has always been a center of anti-American sentiment. The land grant on which the town and its neighbors stood was appropriated by prominent Anglo-American politicians in the last half of the 19th century. Their descendants sold the acreage to land and cattle companies. The directors of these companies have long been campaigning to clear the land of its Spanish-American inhabitants, many of whose ancestors were among the original settlers. The Spanish Americans organized small secret societies to cut the fences, burn the houses and barns, and snipe at the incoming ranchers. In typical Spanish-American manner, few lives were taken. The Spanish Americans abhor killing in cold blood.

Reies Tijerina and his little group of followers became embroiled in the land conflicts. It is rumored that he was active with one or more secret Spanish-American societies of night riders. In any case, enraged ranchers believed that he was and threatened to kill him. As a result, he moved to Albuquerque and there worked as a janitor in a Protestant church while organizing the Alianza Federal de Mercedes.

Like wrestlers in a game of catch as catch can, the Alianza and the Forest Service circled each other cautiously through 1966 and the early spring of 1967, with state and federal law-enforcement agencies acting as interested referees. The Alianza searched for a hold that would flip the Forest Service into a federal court suit to determine the validity of forest land titles. The Forest Service, aware of growing Spanish-American hostility toward its grazing policies and knowing that its titles were flawed, called for assistance from the referees.

Alianza leaders soon found a weak point in Forest Service defenses. A section of the Kit Carson National Forest containing the Echo Amphitheatre public camp ground near Chama, N.M., was once part of a Spanish-American land grant. The titles of the villagers who had owned the land had never quite been quashed. The Alianza quietly called a series of meetings and told the local people that if they cooperated they might get some of their land back. A village organization was constituted with mayor, judge, council and sheriff.

Publicly advertised camp-ins were held at the camp ground. Reporters were in attendance. Forest signs were replaced with notices that the land once again belonged to the community of San Joaquin de Rio Chama. Trespassers, including forest personnel, were warned to keep out. Several trees were cut to symbolize the change of ownership. Although a group of rangers and forest investigators watched the scene from a nearby ridge line, they did not come near the meetings. State police cars cruised in front of the camp ground, but did not enter. It looked as though the Alianza had won.

Then on the morning of October 22, 1966, when another camp-in was scheduled, the Forest Service acted. Two forest rangers and one forest investigator stationed themselves at the camp-ground entrance to require that all entering cars buy camping permits. A cluster of state police watched from the highway. A caravan of cars driven by Alianza members and sympathizers pulled up to the entrance. Asked to buy camping permits by the rangers, although no attempt had been made to sell them to people already on the ground, the drivers refused. The caravan started up again, and the rangers had to jump aside to avoid being run over. Hot words were exchanged. People left their cars and, joined by some already there, grabbed the rangers. There were cries in Spanish of "Lynch them," "Kill them" and "Now it is our turn." Reies Tijerina, his brother, and other Alianza leaders pushed their way into the crowd and took charge of the rangers. They led them to a table behind which sat the judge of the presumed village. The judge, a bizarre Anglo-American pretender to the Spanish throne, found them guilty of trespass and ordered them to leave the area. The rangers did so. The state police, in their role of referee, studied faces and noted license numbers.

After many months, federal attorneys in Albuquerque pressed charges. Further months of legal haggling ensued, during which the original charges were found defective, withdrawn, and replaced by new charges. The federal jury list for Albuquerque was challenged because it lacked Spanish Americans. The case was finally transferred from the friendly climate of northern New Mexico to the frosty atmosphere of Anglo-American southern New Mexico. Although the Alianza leaders claimed that they had rescued the rangers from bodily harm, a jury found them guilty in a Las Cruces courtroom of conspiracy to interfere with federal officials in the performance of their duty and of assault upon two forest rangers. A federal judge, who permitted considerable bullying of defense witnesses, sentenced the defendants to jail terms starting at six months and going up to two years for Reies Tijerina. The defendants were allowed bail. Round one, a very ambivalent victory, had gone to the Forest Service and the law-enforcement agencies.

Tensions over land, water, and grazing rights accelerated during 1966 and the early spring of 1967. The Alianza sponsored in Albuquerque a series of heavily at-

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tended meetings, where Anglo-American culture, the federal and state governments and the more conformist Spanish-American politicians were violently attacked. Representatives of militant Negro and Indian civil rights groups pledged support to the Alianza. Fraternal delegations attended from Spanish-speaking organizations throughout the Southwest. The meetings were widely reported, and New Mexico became charged with fear, excitement and unrest. Ranchers, newspapers and businessmen began to demand that the Alianza be stopped. A federal judge ordered the Alianza to turn over its membership lists. The demand was refused.

David Cargo, the Governor of New Mexico, is a maverick Republican who won his office in part because the Spanish Americans had become disenchanted with the indifference of the Democratic Party to their demands and aspirations. He is married to a Spanish-American woman who had been a member of the Alianza. Cargo now began to visit many Spanish-American villages, accompanied by reporters. After listening quietly to the often bitterly stated problems and needs of the village populations, the Governor brought these matters to the attention of the state. The first governor in more than twenty years to take the Spanish Americans seriously, he made systematic inroads into the weakening position of the Democratic Party in northern New Mexico.

To the great disgust of the state police and many Anglo-Americans, Cargo started to negotiate quietly with the Alianza. An agreement was worked out. An Alianza camp-ground meeting scheduled for June 5, 1967, could take place. There would be no police interference as long as there was no violence, destruction of property or violation of the laws of the state. The Alianza went ahead with plans for the meeting, the inflammatory language of its advance proclamations cooling perceptibly.

The day before the meeting, Governor Cargo flew to Michigan to meet with Governor Romney and to attend a Republican fund-raising dinner. A few hours after his departure, two Democrats—Alfonso Sanchez, state district attorney, former Alianza lawyer, but long-time Alianza opponent, and Captain Joseph Black, state police chief—went on the air to announce that the meeting was banned. They denounced the leaders as radical agitators and con artists, the members as dupes; they threatened to arrest any member of the Alianza who came near the camp ground. Orders of arrest were issued for Reies Tijerina and other Alianza officials. Road blocks went up. The Alianza membership list was found in a car stopped on the road to the meeting. Shortly thereafter many people lost their jobs.

Reies Lopez Tijerina and most of the important leaders of the Alianza eluded the police blockade. Furious and feeling that their agreement with the Governor had been broken by the state, they decided to resort to violence. A raiding party was formed to attack the county courthouse at Tierra Amarilla, seize Alfonso Sanchez, and free arrested Alianza members.

District Judge Paul Scarborough was sitting on the morning of the raid; Sanchez sent an assistant to present the state's case. The judge dismissed the charges against the Alianza members on the ground that the evidence against them was inadequate; the defendants left the courtroom. A few minutes later, the armed raiding party entered the courthouse and forced everyone present to lie down on the floor. The Alianzistas searched for Alfonso Sanchez and for their missing members. Finding neither, they were at a loss. Two deputy sheriffs and a janitor were wounded; one of the deputies subsequently died. The raiders finally seized two hostages and fled toward the mountains, dodging their way through police blockades.

At the news of the raid, panic and confusion swept the state offices in Santa Fe. The northern mountains, so close to the state capital, suddenly became ominous. A mass Spanish-American uprising was rumored to be slaughtering the Anglo-American population in the north. Guerrilla bands, secretly trained and led by Cuban army officers, were said to be marching on Santa Fe. Other guerrilla

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forces were believed, in the hysteria, to be establishing bases in the remote mountain areas, and revolutionary urban cells of the Alianza to be planning to set fire to Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

The Lieutenant Governor called out the National Guard. Units equipped with artillery and tanks, and accompanied by heavily armed state police, sheriff posses and Apache tribal police, swept through the Spanish-American villages and manned road blocks on all approaches to the area. Though martial law had not been declared, they broke into homes without warrants, detained men, women and children in a sheep corral for many hours with no food and no water except that contained in a polluted sheep tank. Private property was confiscated and suspects were held. Every Spanish American was suspect. A large part of northern New Mexico was treated as though it were an enemy country in the process of occupation.

Early on the morning of January 3, the body of Eulogio Salazar, a resident of Tierra Amarilla and a major state witness to the Alianza raid on the courthouse there, was found on the road near his house. He had been beaten to death. The bail bonds for Reies Tijerina and the Alianza members accused of taking part in the court raid were immediately revoked, and the men were rounded up during the day. Their jailing sent another violent controversy swirling through the state. Police officers and a good part of the press believed automatically that the Alianza was guilty of Salazar's murder, while Alianza sympathizers claimed that the men were being tried without evidence in the court of public opinion. Throughout the week, the police searched for evidence to convict the Alianza, while the press, television and radio discussed the implications of the case. Finally District Judge Joe Angel, appalled by the publicity, signed a gag rule prohibiting any discussion of the murder by public officials.

The Alianza members jailed for the crime were brought before the state supreme court. Their lawyers argued that the bail revocation was "arbitrary, capricious, a naked exercise of judicial power without any rational basis in fact." Under questioning, District Attorney Sanchez said that the state had no direct proof that any Alianza member was involved in Salazar's murder. He therefore was unable to file charges against any of them, although he seemed convinced of their guilt. Captain Black stated: "Tijerina is bound to be tied into it somewhere." The supreme court on January 17 ordered that bond be reinstated for all the arrested Alianza members except Reies Tijerina and three others, holding that they, through their participation in the raid on the courthouse, had been involved in a capital crime.

The death of the deputy sheriff wounded in the courthouse raid remains unresolved. The district attorney and the head of the state police maintain that Reies Tijerina and the Alianza are responsible. Persistent rumors from the Spanish-American population of Tierra Amarilla blame a small group of Anglo-American militants, ranchers and small businessmen, who are believed to have done it to incriminate the Alianza. Other rumors spreading widely have it that the police also killed Salazar to remove a witness on the verge of changing his testimony.

Judge Angel on February 8, at the close of extensive hearings on the courthouse raid, ordered Reies Tijerina and ten Alianza members bound over for trial. Charges against them were reduced from first-degree kidnaping to false imprisonment. The judge ordered that all defendants be freed when bonds were made. Charges against nine defendants, including Tijerina's beautiful 19-year-old daughter Rose, were dismissed.

On April 28, Reies Tijerina spoke to the Mexican-American student convention sponsored by No Más, a student organization on the campus of the University of Texas at El Paso. The administration had barred Tijerina from speaking on campus, so the meeting was transferred to a local motel. Back in Albuquerque, Tijerina, along with twelve other Alianza members, was arrested once again by Alfonso Sanchez and Captain Black. Twenty-five counts of second-degree kidnaping and two counts of robbery and the carrying of concealed weapons were placed against the defendants by a hand-picked grand jury in Rio Arriba County. It should be noted that these charges of kidnaping had been thrown out by Judge Angel Bail was set at $20,500 for each defendant.

These latest charges are but further steps in a long series of arrests and releases on bail designed to bankrupt the Alianza and its supporters and to keep Reies Tijerina and other Alianza leaders behind bars. Although the Governor, the state legislature and the federal agencies have done nothing to diminish the tragic social-economic conditions in northern New Mexico that give rise to movements such as the Alianza, the state and federal law-enforcement agencies have adopted a repressive policy that will inevitably spark violence throughout the Southwest. Apparently, New Mexico must experience a serious outbreak of rural and urban terror before the authorities learn that repression and jailing are not the answer to Spanish-American problems. Reies Tijerina has become a martyr, a hero and the very symbol of the hopes and aspirations of militant young Mexican-American and Spanish-American groups from Los Angeles to San Antonio.

The massive violation of human and civil rights, the mistreatment of large numbers of rural Spanish Americans, many of whom had nothing to do with the Alianza, and the absolute refusal, thus far, of the Department of Justice and the Commission on Civil Rights to take any stand, have driven a wedge between the Spanish Americans of the north and the state and federal governments that will require years to overcome. Guerrilla warfare remains a distinct possibility. Groups more militant and deeper underground than the Alianza are being formed. The situation is not unlike that of Ireland just before the "Risings." A brooding calm now lies over the northern hills.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Good-by, Corbusier

THE RADIANT CITY. *By Le Corbusier. Orion Press. Distributed by Grossman Publishers. 348 pp. $22.50.*

LA TOURETTE. *By Anton Henze. George Wittenborn & Co. 72 pp. $4.50.*

DESIGN OF CITIES. *By Edmund N. Bacon. The Viking Press. 296 pp. $15.*

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect who is a member of Churchill College, Cambridge University, where he teaches at the School of Architecture. He is architecture critic of the New Statesman *and author of* Lost New York *(Houghton Mifflin).*

Besides being the subject of countless books, Le Corbusier wrote some thirty himself. Of these the most important are undoubtedly his first, *Vers une Architecture* (1923—called *Towards a New Architecture* in its English translation) and *The Radiant City* (1935). The first, in sum, was a lecture on the relation between architecture and technology: the necessity of finding an art to match our technology before we could have an architecture to call our own. Though the message wasn't by any means original, upon reading it young architects through half the world were influenced to believe not only in the possibility of *une Architecture*, as fit as any of the past but in practice a New Architecture. *Towards a New Architecture* was published in English four years after its appearance in French. The English edition of *The Radiant City* took an unaccountable thirty-two years to be published, but now at last we also have this second conspicuous work by Le Corbusier, in approximately the same format as its French edition, with a few 1964 notes by the master. And about time too. Though the words are new to us, the book has probably been the most important single influence on the modern shape of American cities.

It is clear to me now that the words were the least of it. Le Corbusier's literary style is in the evangelical mode familiar to readers on architecture who are acquainted with the writings of Frank Lloyd Wright, Buckminster Fuller or Louis Kahn. The mode goes back at least to Ruskin; Louis Sullivan had the best architectural-evangelical (or "poetic") style. Le Corbusier's text is a repetitious lot of statements, letters, doctrines, refutations; at the beginning of one section he even apologizes because he didn't catch on until too late that the chapter appeared in an earlier work. But this book sometimes also provides germane explanations, and many revealing pictures, of Corbu's town planning theories as applied—but never carried out—in Paris, Geneva, Rio, São Paulo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Algiers, Moscow, Antwerp, Barcelona, Stockholm, Nemours and Piace. These vain studies were mostly undertaken at the encouragement of local officials, which explains why Le Corbusier's ironic dedication (and his polemical tone) is directed to "AUTHORITY."

Paris got the most exhaustive treatment. Corbu's position was that, by historical demonstration, an old city must always be replaced by a new one. He therefore produced a series of schemes for the center of Paris which simply assumed the demolition of what was there, and the creation instead of gleaming high buildings set far apart, on columns *(pilotis)* with a landscape running through. First there was his City of Three Million Inhabitants (1922). Then his Voisin Plan, named in tribute to an enlightened motorcar manufacturer (the scheme dates from about 1925): the main housing towers seen from above are like four *croix de Lorraine* arranged into a larger cross. Then came the Radiant City itself, shown in the book by means of plates prepared for a CIAM conference (the *Congrès Internationale d'Architecture Moderne,* which Corbu helped to found).

The Radiant City is a scheme for a rigorously zoned urban anthropos, all head (administration), torso (housing), and hands (manufacture). Crisscrossing it are superimposed circulation grids, rectilinear and diagonal, for cars and subways—the grid lines far apart. Housing here takes the form of endless slabs, widening and narrowing to form courtyard spaces on both sides of the slabs (called *redents*). These courtyards were all to be over 1,000 feet wide, the buildings all the same height and on *pilotis* so that, as in his earlier plans, the landscape could run through with community services and sports facilities.

There are no strictly functional bugs in the scheme if you accept Le Corbusier's Spartan apartment layouts and the general principle of separated city elements. He works out the kind of *redents* that are geometrically best; he carefully turns his plan so apartments get maximum sunlight. His highway network is designed complete with road intersections, and the car parking is related to building entrances. He lays out nurseries, schools and sports grounds. Cross sections show how the roads are high above the ground. Interior "streets" in the *redents* contain local shopping and other neighborhood facilities. A typical office building is designed. Le Corbusier even prepares drawings and gets testimonials to show that the Radiant City would be effective against aerial bombardment, with roofs specially reinforced, ground coverage at minimum—and poison gas would be blown away by the wind through the *pilotis*. Best of all, he argues, the Radiant City would hold over 1,000 people per hectare, a suitably high density for those who mean cities to survive. Yet it would lack dark corridor streets and gloomy light wells.

There are two other schemes presented in the book which I ought to mention, though hundreds of illustrations explain a score or more urban design projects. One is Le Corbusier's remarkable plan for Algiers, begun in 1931 and modified many times before it was finally rejected in 1934. Here a highway through the hills facing the sea makes a continuous undulating building, housing beneath it 180,000 people. The drawings of this scheme—particularly the one at the top of page 247—are great iconographic revelations, like many of those of the Radiant City also: they are imaginary pictures of a new urban life to be lived in direct confrontation with nature.

The second scheme is one for Antwerp, the Radiant City *redents* this time adapted to fit a meander of the Schelde River. About a portion of the site plan Le Corbusier says:

> We worked on this study for months. It is the strict representation of all the solutions found for countless individual problems, dealt with according to a systematic doctrine of city planning. It "works" everywhere! High buildings perform general functions but man—the city dweller—is taken into consideration. Try it, let him walk around in every part of this plan: he is at ease here and finds stimulation and joy. The stroller finds pleasure; and the citizen, a source of pride.

The plan is a detailed layout showing the variety of events at ground level in among the Antwerp *redents,* and I tried "walking through it." It really is fine.

I want to be clear about my attitude toward Le Corbusier. I believe he was indeed (as he saw himself) the Michelangelo of our own time, the greatest artist of architectural form since Pal-

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ladio. Turning pages in the seven-volume *Oeuvre Complète* compiled by Boesiger (let alone visiting one of his buildings), one is amazed and moved. In building something one always seeks ingenuity. But beyond that, as Le Corbusier says in *Towards a New Architecture,* "suddenly you touch my heart, you do me good, I am happy and I say: 'This is beautiful.' " Le Corbusier's buildings always do that to me. The small picture book by Henze about Corbu's Dominican monastery of La Tourette (1960) demonstrates well some of the reasons why: it describes the studies he made, his care, his consideration for the objectives of the inhabitants (Corbu was a Swiss-born Protestant), the revisions and reconsiderations—and most of all, of course, the plastic reality of what he did. The form of La Tourette is the work of a man who understood his own culture from modern monasticism to technology, with piercing insight also toward both art and nature. With all this, I ought to give his work nothing but the highest praise. What stops me?

The certain feeling that something is missing, which becomes embarrassing for him now and then. In some very few of Le Corbusier's architectural works, and in his book *The Radiant City* most clearly, he shows that his identification with people is (to make a careful distinction) almost exclusively cultural and hardly at all social. What I mean is this. Le Corbusier has the most profound understanding of objects, whether buildings or systems or techniques—or trees or mountains, for that matter. He not only knows how to use formwork to mold concrete, he realizes the *precise impact* the finished form will have on a sensitive soul who has had a lifetime of cultural orientation toward Roman aqueducts, Euclidean geometry, Cubist painting, sunlight and city dust. Le Corbusier has an acute sense of history (the proposed demolition of Paris notwithstanding); he knows what "style" means in its most secret depths. In short, he is a cultural genius. He is one of the handful of men in a given time who can shape the world of objects because they truly understand them. And Le Corbusier plots this world with Cartesian logic.

But strictly speaking, culture and society are different matters. Le Corbusier can locate man without any trouble in his culture, but, a few vague egalitarian notions aside, he has shallow ideas about people's behavior; he shuns politics, he cares nothing for human differences. He knows more than enough to be able to make buildings work, of course. But he reveals his bafflement with people, the cranky wretches, in most of his writing —the politicians (sordid compromisers by definition), the opponents to his schemes (petty-minded busybodies), the conservationists (blinded against the new age). His anecdotes constantly reveal it; he is a true ivory-tower inhabitant, indifferent to mundane society and social norms; a Wagner, a Sherlock Holmes. He is amazed to learn (in one anecdote) that his secretary of *ten years' employment* lives in a dreary suburb, hasn't enough money, is bored! And on the very first page of text of *The Radiant City*, Le Corbusier says: "I don't like parties and it is years since I set foot in one . . . . What would we learn at a party? The closing prices? Gossip? And what would we do there? Engage in a useless exchange of uncertain remarks."

Obvious inferences could be drawn from insight into a character such as Le Corbusier's; whether truly radical originals like him could function at all if enmeshed in a social tangle, for instance (though one remembers Tolstoy and Marx and wonders). Certainly Frank Lloyd Wright was a social dropout along similar lines. There are plenty of pat explanations about artistic temperament to account for it all, if not to make us also puzzle whether a "great" architect, as we have now come to think of one, must abstain from petty social concerns to get on with his work. But remember that I am not talking about utopian planners like Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier or Godin, who ignored social norms to achieve basic new social objectives. I believe Le Corbusier really had only cultural objectives.

The great evidence of this is the obvious failure of the Radiant City (though not the plans for Algiers or details for Antwerp) as a city for people. It fails because of its lack of places allowing urban interaction, for all its high density; because of the Cartesian fragmentation of things needing to coexist in daily life; because the equality for all is sought merely through uniformity rather than a better individual normality. Le Corbusier's plan for the destruction of familiar places and his apartments so stiflingly small are only symptomatic of the rest. Jane Jacobs has given Le Corbusier no less than he deserves in holding his influence responsible for much of American postwar planning; I have elsewhere disparaged his ideas about a Radiant City for New York (as described in Le Corbusier's *When the Cathedrals Were White*). It is only necessary to add that the American planning Mrs. Jacobs criticizes wasn't unsuccessful because it was merely half-hearted Le Corbusier—the Radiant City itself would have been worse, however sublime in form.

There is now a sort of watershed in the architectural profession that separates older architects, for whom Le Corbusier was the inspired master in everything, from mostly younger architects (younger than about 35) who have some reservation in their acclaim of him. Perhaps because these younger architects didn't live through the heroic days when Corbu was forming the CIAM, or when he was losing important commissions to academic architects, or when he was standing almost alone as propagandist and prime mover of the modern movement, they think of him with less reverence than do their elders.

At any rate I'm sure it is well that this is so, because Le Corbusier, the modern movement and all that may really belong on the other side of a greater watershed in architecture itself. That divide is the new one that separates architecture as a principally artistic-culture phenomenon from architecture as a social instrument (which is not to say that culture doesn't remain part of it). Really significant architectural contributions to social advance are possible now, and maybe actually essential. If younger architects can bring off this kind of new New Architecture, against all the inertia the architectural profession alone has

THE SEDENTARIES

most of the time we sit down
to write 'sitting down' down

Mark Twain made a contraption
enabled him to be funny in bed in writing

Goethe and Hemingway
risked varicose veins at the highdesk

sitting down we get
fat round the ass

short poems
not too frequent
are the least fattening

if you're sitting down while reading this
now is the time to get up

ANSELM HOLLO

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allowed through past indifference, it will be worth saying good-by to Le Corbusier.

Saying that will still leave him with the honors he deserves: with Palladio, he has been the most imitated of architects; with Michelangelo, the most inventive of new form; with Bernini, the most acclaimed in his own lifetime. It's enough. His designs for cities must be kept aside. Perhaps it is too much really to expect one man to master both great assignments and also vast ones. Imitators of his *panache* in presenting city plans —like Edmund N. Bacon with his book *Design of Cities*—merely copy the form but lack all the formal genius. *Design of Cities* is a flashy book that exploits the good will we still give to virtuoso creators, without however deserving any of it. It deliberately muddles tactics with strategy, presents merely pretty buildings as good ones, and puts about the impression that great cities must be made by strong men. Le Corbusier would have smiled ruefully because, the strongest of all, he learned otherwise.

Passengers Will Please Refrain

TO HELL IN A DAY COACH: An Exasperated Look at American Railroads. *By Peter Lyon. J. B. Lippincott Co. 324 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE ZABRISKIE

Mr. Zabriskie is a long-distance commuter (Washington to Harpers Ferry, W. Va., via B&O). He is a member of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society and the Canadian Railroad Historical Association, and has written "The Cylinder Cars" and "A Century of Steam Locomotives," among other articles on railroads and railroad history.

Peter Lyon's major interest emerges as the present sad state of the passenger business, but he gets to it after much excoriation of 19th-century financiers and investment bankers. This kind of biological economic determinism, too common among railroad historians, overlooks the technological and social forces which also operated during the period of growth. The stereotyped villains exposed by Mr. Lyon were operating within the framework of 19th-century capitalism; the railroad industry was typical, not exceptional. Chaotic economic exploitation and misapplication of technology became commonplace in a country with a political and economic organization based on enlightened 18th-century agrarianism. Society had no adequate means for coping with the sudden explosive developments of 19th-century technology, industrialization and commercialization.

But the railroads differed from other enterprises in being public utilities, vital to most of the others. With a single notable exception in America they were and are public utilities in private ownership and were never operated solely for public benefit. Furthermore, the American public has never been fully aware of what ought to be required of a public utility: so the regulation of the railroads, and later of their competitors, has been confused and confusing, with "public interest" as a nominal goal and appeasement of the carriers as pragmatic policy.

Unfortunately, America's first experiment in public ownership and management of rail transportation facilities was short-lived and, through both managerial and technological shortcomings, disastrous to the ideas it represented. The State Works of Pennsylvania, described by Charles Dickens in his *American Notes* and ignored by Lyon, were a coordinated line of canals, inclined planes and railroads, from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. Built by the state in the 1830s, it was then the most technologically advanced transportation system in the world. By the 1850s, when the paralleling Pennsylvania Railroad purchased it from the state, it was already obsolete. In the interim, its management, beset by problems of maintenance and improvement and harassed by the political vagaries of the state legislature, furnished the proponents of private operation their classic dreadful example.

The effects of the panic of 1857 are also omitted from the book. By that year, after a decade of astounding technological growth, the locomotive had evolved into the prototypes for later machines: except for application of the injector, which had already been invented, no significant design changes were to appear until the beginning of the 20th century. Metal passenger cars, enclosed passageways between cars, air conditioning, metal freight cars, modern car truck designs, rail improvements, use of the telegraph in train dispatching, experimental automatic couplers, and mechanical forms of continuous brakes had all been tried or were in actual daily use.

Together with these practical improvements, innumerable fantastic devices were proposed and tested. Yet by the 1880s they were generally forgotten. The panic which closed many locomotive and car builders also ended some paper and real railroads and brought about a failure

George F. Kennan
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of nerve on the part of management. Zerah Colburn, a railroad journalist (not to be confused with the mathematical prodigy of the same name), left for England; his partner, Alexander Holley, turned his energies to the iron industry. The advent of the Civil War confirmed the regressive tendencies of management. The wooden car, the open platform, the link and pin and the hand brake were to last until the close of the century.

Lyon does not mention that the Erie provided a broad gauge route (6 feet, instead of the standard 4 feet 8½ inches) from Jersey City to Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Had the 6-foot gauge been made standard in this country we would in fact have the superrailroads which exist today in the copywriter's fancy.

The more effective part of Lyon's book begins when he leaves the 19th century. The period from 1900 to the present offers an opportunity to study the 19th-century mentality in management moving serenely and blindly through the 20th century much as if nothing had really happened since the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

The railroads became unconscionable: common carriers, aided and abetted by compliant regulatory agencies, would decide whom and what they would carry where, and for how much. If, in recent years, competition has made them more amenable to some shippers of freight, they have hardened in their intransigence against the passenger. Needless to say, their competitors, as they have become more powerful, have sought to emulate the example set them. Rather generally, the competition has been somewhat more circumspect; but it is still possible for the attorney of a bus company to argue that commuters really do not know where they want to go, and that if they did know, it would make little difference since they are not substantive experts but prejudiced witnesses. Lyon injures his argument by presenting the railroads as standing alone in the arrogance which others have learned from them.

In the field of mergers, the author seems to feel that they ought to be good in theory if not in practice. Certainly no force since the Diesel locomotive (which requires expensive auxiliary equipment for passenger trains) has been so effective in wiping out passenger service. Generally, one of the merged roads treats the other as a captive kingdom suitable for exploitation, rather than as an equal partner. Particularly in the railroad industry, size does not make for efficiency: many an "unprofitable" branch line and small railroad lopped off during the depression is still making money under local management.

Lyon has weakened his book and some of his arguments by a number of avoidable errors in technological, labor and special history. Chronologically they range from events of the 19th century to the misadventures of the late Robert R. Young, who did not replace the C&O's entire passenger car fleet with new equipment. He bought enough equipment for two trains (four sets and spares), some of which has since been sold. The C&O is still doing business with cars over forty years old, and from time to time fobbing some of them off on the unfortunate B&O, its merged underling.

Most regrettably, Lyon does not discuss the peculiar relationship of General Motors to the railroads. America's largest corporation is America's largest shipper, and since the end of World War II, through its Electro-Motive Division, it has enjoyed a virtual monopoly of locomotive building. In the late 1940s there were five suppliers of road and heavy switching locomotives, including EMD, which eliminated its competitors during the next decade. Today, EMD has a minimum of competition from General Electric and Alco, both of which reentered the field after Robert Kennedy's threatened antitrust suit. Since General Motors, in the automotive field, has been trying to demonstrate that it has more power than the federal government, what about the railroad field? What pressures did it exert to accelerate Dieselization? To insure that electrification would not even be considered as an alternate? To limit the purchase of locomotives made by other manufacturers? Because nearly all railroad equipment is purchased through leasing agreements (banks and insurance companies generally finance the transactions) General Motors has certainly had more financial leverage than any of its competitors.

A footnote to the book's account of the fast-fading passenger business is that in the last few years the best cars of the postwar and even prewar American passenger fleet are today doing service in Canada, Mexico and other countries, including Saudi Arabia. Much of the railroad equipment which American travelers praise when they ride Canadian trains came from the B&O, C&O, Reading, Milwaukee, Wabash, New York Central and other railroads in the States.

It's possible to argue in defense of railroad management that it is no worse than the military-industrial complex which enabled it to show a profit in 1967. Lyon has been stumbling in the kingdom of the blind without finding a single one-eyed man.

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SARA BLACKBURN

LA VIE PASSIONNEE OF RODNEY BUCKTHORNE. *By R. V. Cassill. Bernard Geis Associates. 243 pp. $5.95.*

If this novel about an aging college professor who yearns for his Bohemian past and sets out to recapture life by leaving his family and fleeing to New York were by another author, it would hardly be worth notice. But R. V. Cassill is such a good writer that it's hard to imagine why he should have devoted his efforts to this book. It reads discouragingly like an assigned plot staked out along a series of commercially zany events about bridging the generation gap in the East Village. Writers shouldn't have to teach in universities unless they really want to, and it is a major sadness of our time that even if they don't want to they're lucky if they can. Mr. Cassill fell into the bag that this situation so often produces: it is to be hoped that the fall is a temporary one.

THE ICE-CREAM HEADACHE: And Other Stories. *By James Jones. Delacorte Press. 238 pp. $5.*

The majority of the thirteen stories in this collection by a highly successful novelist, were written in the late forties and throughout the fifties; they are any-

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thing but dated, and the variety of experiences they convey results not only in very moving fiction but, cumulatively, in a compact social history of what it was like for Mr. Jones's generation to grow up, go to war, marry, and, generally, to become people in America. If you've been permanently turned off by Mr. Jones's most recent novels, reading this book may renew your interest in what he writes next.

ONWARDS: *By Nat Hentoff. Simon & Schuster. 141 pp. $3.95.*

Nat Hentoff's novel is so obviously deeply felt and well intentioned that the reader finds himself struggling, often successfully, not to be disappointed. Aaron Philips is a likable, over-30 New York intellectual who's stuck between his associations with the compromised politics of the old Left and the comparatively far-out activism of the New. His real struggle is to find a position in which he can become relevant, not only as political activist but—the foundation of any real politics—as a man. His peppery wife offers no solace, but a good deal of impetus to the latter quest. Mr. Hentoff has accomplished a series of touching and lifelike portraits of old and new radicals. His nice-guy main character fades away in the glare of their reality, but because Hentoff is no Beckett, their on-stage monologues lack the tension which might have made his novel a success. Flaws and all, this is a good book to read, especially for troubled, over-30 intellectuals.

LOVE TO VIETNAM. *By Edita Morris. Monthly Review Press. 92 pp. $5.*

What could seem soupier and more dully propagandistic than a novel about a napalmed Vietnamese girl and an atom-bomb-burned (Nagasaki) Japanese boy? Mrs. Morris makes it work because she has had the good sense to keep it short, and the talent to make her Japanese protagonist both tragic and funny, a really memorable character. The bond her people share is based not so much on their terrible wounds as on the common source of these wounds; their hatred of the United States is so acutely described that it is almost physically shocking. Although her novel isn't entirely free of sentimentality, the striking appeal of its hero and the success with which it makes its points are admirable. Its real irony, as Mrs. Morris surely knows, is that it is guaranteed to make Vice President Humphrey cry.

RED SKY AT MORNING. *By Richard Bradford. J. B. Lippincott Co. 256 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Bradford's novel is this year's *To Kill a Mockingbird,* but the Southerners (they are from Mobile) have been transplanted to a small village in New Mexico, where the Negroes have been replaced by noble, witty Mexicans. The time is World War II, and the narrator is a high school boy who describes his life and times with ironic humor. The book is always diverting, but it is the kind of superficial brotherhood script which one closes with relief at the fact that it has no role for Sidney Poitier.

THEATRE

NICHOLAS BIEL

Mr. Biel is an American playwright and poet now living in Paris. Harold Clurman is en route to Japan, where he will direct O'Neill's The Iceman Cometh *for a Japanese repertory company.*

Paris

When one considers the shelves of literature inspired by Sacco and Vanzetti, it is not a little surprising that the Rosenberg case, a story fully as dramatic and containing even more of the elements of tragic pathos, should be so neglected as source material for either fiction or drama. It is probably inconceivable to the young militants of 1968 that as recently as 1953 most American liberals and even outright progressives wanted nothing more than to attract as little attention to themselves as possible, and those few who did take a stand felt obliged first to cover themselves by uttering the standard incantation of the times: "While no one could be more opposed to communism than myself, I nevertheless feel etc., etc."

If it can be argued that the American Establishment felt itself more threatened by two Jews alleged to be Communists than by two Italians who were self-proclaimed anarchists, the continuing dearth of Rosenberg literature can perhaps be explained—or, since they are dead fifteen years now, it could be explained until the Unintimidated Generation arose first on behalf of civil rights and then against the war in Vietnam and poverty in general.

In any case, the conditions operating in the United States in 1953 did not exist in Europe from where the greatest number of protests against the execution came, including a plea from the anti-Communist Pope, Pius XII. Today, more than one European working-class district contains a Via or a Rue Julius et Ethel Rosenberg.

Perhaps it is in this context that one can understand why Les Trétaux de France, a government-subsidized touring theatre that plays in a 1,200-seat tent, is performing to highly enthusiastic audiences a living-newspaper play by Alain

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Decaux called *The Rosenbergs Must Not Die.*

Decaux retells the story accurately and forthrightly, breaking no new ground either as historian or dramatist but simply holding his audience by the enormity of the narrative. Though the words of Joe McCarthy form a frame of reference for the dramatic action, there is no overt anti-Americanism in evidence. The facts are potent enough and Decaux does not overstress any of them: that the Rosenbergs were offered their lives if they would confess to the alleged crime; that they were leaving behind two young children whom they loved above life itself; that Ethel's brother testified against them under the most unsavory and questionable of circumstances; that scientists such as Harold Urey found the testimony of this brother, the government's chief witness, pure nonsense; that an implicit anti-Semitism marked much of the carnival side-show atmosphere surrounding the trial. These points and others are explicitly noted and the entire effect of the play is one of unhappy verisimilitude.

Decaux is a well-known French historian who for ten years was co-producer and writer of a highly popular television series, *Le Camera Explore Le Temps,* that has recently been suppressed by the Gaullist government for political reasons. In writing his play Decaux's chief references were the Rosenbergs' own letters from the Sing Sing death house, and a French anthology of articles concerning the case published in 1955, *Le Chant Interrompu.*

Although Les Trétaux de France has been in existence for a number of years, Jean Danet, the producer, has until now done mostly standard French and European classics, modern as well as ancient—Sophocles through Claudel, Sartre and Audiberti. *The Rosenbergs* is the first new play he has put on. He usually travels ahead of his tent to stir up interest in schools, unions and other organizations (the best seats cost 12 francs, about $2.40), and has found no resistance to this play and much more knowledge of its contents than he supposed his audience would possess.

Jean Jacques Gauthier of the conservative *Le Figaro* and the most powerful single critic in the French theatre was as enthusiastic about the play as was the critic of the Communist *L'Humanité. The Rosenbergs* is perhaps not great art, but it works well under Jean-Marie Serreau's telling direction and the performance of an excellent cast headed by Silvia Monfort as a deeply moving Ethel (she makes no attempt to give the physical impression of the Ethel Rosenberg those who knew or remembered could recognize).

Most important of all, however, it may be the forerunner of a body of literature devoted to a story that cannot fail to take its place in the folklore of absolute courage—courage that puts to shame the tawdry accusations of a nation gone hysterical with fear of Plato's flickering shadows in the cave. For, as the French point out, even if the Rosenbergs were guilty as charged, the fact remains that they gave information to America's ally, not to its enemy, and their punishment thus far exceeded anything a civilized court could have been expected to mete out.

RUMOR

I have heard
from an aeronautical
engineer
that this
round of rock
this egg of earth,
if speeded up just three miles per hour,
would smoke on its axis
like a dry drill in steel
and all the farms, fowl,
feathers, fields and
fresh young things
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MUSIC

BENJAMIN BORETZ

For the past five or so years, I have been taking note in this column of the development in New York of a remarkable activity in the virtuoso performance of contemporary music that has emerged from a unique collaboration between serious composers and performers, and has seemed to prefigure a significantly new and viable way of musical life. Now it appears that this activity is under threat of imminent disintegration, largely because its own vitality within a highly concentrated context—a community of interested musicians, students and academic and artistic intellectuals—had an immediate and striking impact on a far wider musical circle and thus suggested, to some people with quite different musical commitments, the possibility of imitation and transference onto a far larger numerical and financial stage. Thus, some strong efforts have recently been made whose force has been to weaken the internal development of new-music activity as a significant musical force by diluting its energies in the direction of popularization, on the one hand, and diffusion—in terms of indiscriminate proliferation of activity and consequent dilution of resources—on the other.

I discussed the characteristics and difficulties of the Populistic approach in my last column, with specific reference to the new Hunter College series, The New Image of Sound. But the history of the tendency to proliferate dates most significantly to the moment, about three years ago, when the interest of the Rockefeller Foundation was attracted on precisely such terms. For, peculiarly, their concept of the means to broaden and deepen the base of support and the range of dissemination of this activity did not include the strengthening of groups that had already demonstrated strong internal motivation, support and continuity independent of any outside interest, and at the cost of great personal dedication. Rather, such groups (specifically, the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University and the Twentieth Century Innovations group under Gunther Schuller) were largely by-passed in favor of establishing new groups in contexts where no previous activity of this kind had developed indigenously and under directors who, for the most part, were "career" performers not notably involved in this domain before (with the obvious exception of Ralph Shapey in Chicago).

As I noted in a *Nation* column at the time, not only did the influx of huge amounts of endowment money pose a drastic survival problem for the original, unsubsidized groups in terms of com-

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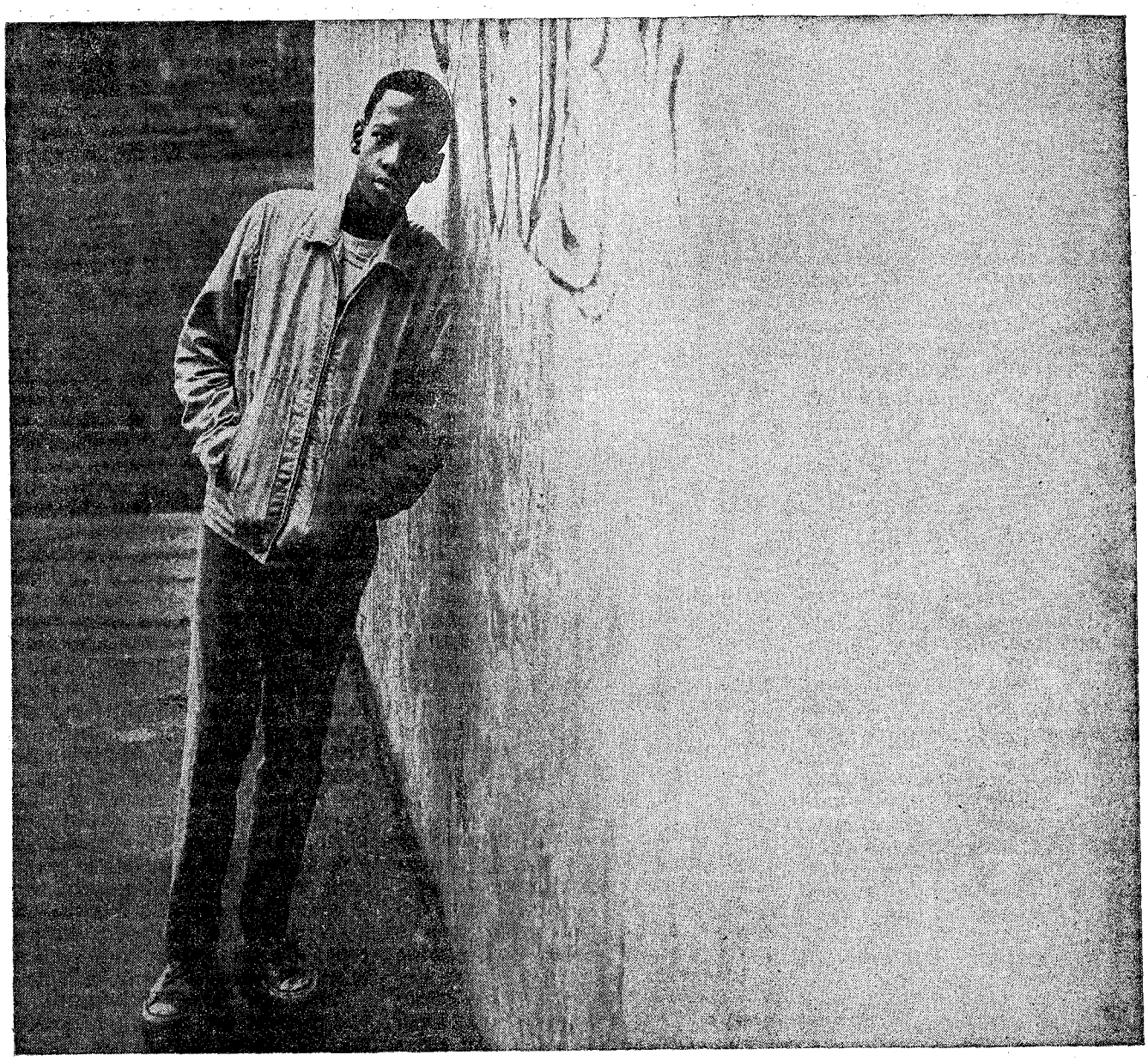

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petition for staff from the highly restricted pool of qualified players (which had been developed through their efforts in the first place) but it also inflated the "normal" financial scale of such enterprises to a point that could never be maintained independently should foundation support be withdrawn. In short, the approach seemed about to fatten rather than strengthen new-music performing activity, and to diffuse to an alarming thinness the components of a bright new interaction whose intensity seemed at least partly to derive from the very pressure of the hermetically concentrated conditions under which it had formed.

Some of the fears expressed at that time were almost immediately realized: the Twentieth Century Innovations series, which had established Carnegie Recital Hall as a focal point for new-music activity, and had been given support to do so by the Carnegie Hall Corporation, now found itself competing with three Rockefeller-supported groups at State University of New York, Buffalo: University of Chicago and Rutgers, who were able to book their own series into Carnegie Recital Hall and, of course, pay their own expenses. Carnegie Hall naturally lost interest in Schuller's series, private support could no longer be found, and—since no Rockefeller Foundation help could be attracted either—the series, with its highly individual musical profile and pioneering enthusiasm, never reappeared. The Columbia group was spared a similar demise by strong university support, and, ultimately, by a small "emergency" Rockefeller grant (about one-eighth the yearly size of the other Rockefeller subsidies) which enabled it to meet the huge pay-scale increases resulting from the unlimited-money competition of the neighboring Rockefeller group at Rutgers. On a slightly more subtle level, one has observed the increasing frustrations involved in the attempt to develop adequately prepared programs, given the multiple demands on the schedules, loyalties and enthusiasm of the almost completely overlapping personnel among groups in the New York area. The result is that the most player-time is available to the highest bidder willing to settle for the least preparation. And any attempt by the Columbia group to expand its program into larger-ensemble domains, or to increase activity, has been as defeated by this attrition of simple player availability as by any financial limitations.

Assessing the impact of the Rockefeller program over its first three years, one ought also to consider the degree to which some of its own stated aims have been realized. To begin with, there was much talk of "encouraging the development of other sources of support" for such activity, but in fact the only major change in the support available for new-music performance appears to have been negative. Schuller's experience bears this out, as does the collapse of Max Pollikoff's Music In Our Time series (held first at the 92nd Street YMHA and then at Town Hall), and the highly puzzling recent behavior of the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund, once among the most active of institutional new-music patrons, which appears to have withdrawn completely from such support after sponsoring a single (and, in fact, rather superior) concert in Charles Schwartz's Composers' Showcase series at Cooper Union last fall. Otherwise, there have mostly been such traditionally reliable resources as the Fromm Foundation (which sponsored the all-Wolpe program given by the Rockefeller-supported Chicago group at Town Hall this year!), the Koussevitzky Foundation (which is backing a new-music series at Lincoln Center this summer), the venerable Ditson Fund at Columbia (which has enabled the group to survive and has initiated small projects in publication and recording that may have far more effect than all the institutional millions), and the cluster of small foundations that has enabled such enterprises as the brave little series at the Greenwich House Music School (directed by the composers Joan Tower and Raoul Pleskow) to introduce new works by young and otherwise neglected composers. But there is no evidence that any sources of support—these or others—have been "encouraged" by the Rockefeller example.

It is still more significant to consider the degree to which the new groups have succeeded in establishing distinguished performers of new music previously unexposed, and in developing new groups of accomplished young players in this field. But—for whatever it does signify—the most distinguished active new-music players, whatever their present affiliations, all seem to have originated with either the original Schuller or Columbia groups. Thus, among group-affiliated pianists, both Robert Miller (who, in the possible company of Robert Helps, is surely the most accomplished ensemble and chamber-music pianist active) and Charles Wuorinen (who, along with Easley Blackwood, has virtually developed a new set of pianistic modes of articulation) are both associated with the Columbia group—Wuorinen as co-director. Harvey Sollberger, the other Columbia director, is still the incomparably superior flutist of the time. Among violinists, Paul Zukofsky (who is also a real solo virtuoso in all the rarest musical senses), now with the Rutgers group, was virtually discovered by Schuller and the Columbia group in his musical infancy; and the clarinetist Arthur Bloom, the percussionists Raymond Des Roches and Richard Fitz, the violist Jacob Glick, and the bassoonist Donald MacCourt, all with Rutgers, and the percussionist John Bergamo, at Buffalo, were all (and largely still are) members of the original New York complex. And the remarkable and still unsubsidized Composers' String Quartet (see *The Nation*, April 15), whose superiority in its domain is almost overwhelming, is perhaps the most interesting offshoot of the Schuller group. Then, it seems remarkable that the players who have most recently emerged are all associated with the activities at Columbia, in spite of the extreme financial disadvantage that prevails there: the flutist Sophie Sollberger (whose recital at Carnegie Recital Hall with Robert Miller was especially memorable), the violinist Jeanne Benjamin, the cellist Frederick Sherry, the brass players Ronald Anderson and James Biddlecome, and the bass players Kenneth Fricker and Jesse Miller have all made notably impressive contributions to recent performances. (On the other hand, the almost maniacally dexterous young Japanese pianist Yuji Takahashi began his American career in Buffalo.)

As far as individual programs and performances are concerned, however, the Rockefeller program has produced some notable results (although its explicit intention was to de-emphasize concerts as being merely the outgrowth of the *activities*). In this respect, the exceptional work of the Chicago group was discussed in my last column, and that of the Buffalo players has tended to be so marginal and capricious in programing and so erratic in preparation that, in spite of an occasional worth-while event, their New York concerts have seemed mostly vacuous. But the Rutgers group, under the direction of Arthur Weisberg, has consistently offered programs that substantially enlarged the scope of available new-musical experience, often in performances of superior ensemble accuracy. In particular, the Rutgers concerts have included works from the large-ensemble literature (almost never feasible for new-music groups) such as the Stravinsky Concerto for Piano and Winds, the Elliott Carter Double Concerto, the Chamber Symphony of Ralph Shapey, and Milton Babbitt's *All Set*, as well as important

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works by composers not frequently represented on the other New York series, such as Seymour Shifrin, Jacob Druckman, Robert Moevs and Donald Martino.

But it is precisely in the case of the Rutgers group, where the accomplishment has been so considerable, and the intrinsic interest of the programing so high, that the real defects of the premises on which the Rockefeller program was founded become evident. For in establishing an activity of this nature where no previous impetus toward it had been internally generated, the foundation expected to provide such an impetus, to stimulate involvement in the students, and in the academic and civic communities, conceiving this as its main function, and thus justifying its neglect of places "where such things would go on anyway." Yet, every concert I witnessed at Rutgers (each was later repeated in New York) was pitiably unattended—even by some of the members of the university's own musical community—and it was evident that the essential "support" that is required for such projects, aside from simple imposition from without, can arise only from the kind of crucial professional necessity that had engendered such activity, without foundation help, in the first place. And now, finally, at the point where the original Rockefeller grant has run out, and the various universities involved are supposed to assert their commitment, both Rutgers and Buffalo apparently intend to discontinue the programs summarily—even in spite of the willingness of the foundation to continue support on a reduced scale.

This, then, is the moment of extreme danger for the entire new-music performance complex that seemed so baleful three years ago; for should the Rockefeller Foundation now decide that the failures at Rutgers and Buffalo constitute a demonstration of the unsoundness of the entire university-based approach to the performance of new music, and thus a reason for them to abandon it, the decision would probably be entirely self-fulfilling in the destruction of all such activity that would probably ensue. If, on the other hand, the foundation would recognize that those of its ensembles that have been successful—notably at Chicago and Iowa—were established on precisely the conditions of internal need and relevance that characterized the Schuller series and the Columbia group, then perhaps it might also recognize its culpability in contributing to the serious fragmentation of New York musical activity, and the serious disruption that the discontinuance of its Rutgers and Buffalo projects now threatens. One might hope in that case for it to assume its appropriate responsibility for the essential reconsolidation and restoration of a major cultural resource that its miscalculated generosity is threatening to destroy.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Ever since the wolf packs and flying circuses of World War I (with flashbacks, of course, to Antietam and the exploits of Joshua), the movies have found their most congenial subject in battle. War is photogenic, its values and virtues are graphically simple, and the audience identifies with the flag and the uniform. A disconcerting experience is to attend a routine Nazi war film, in which all the characters and episodes are utterly familiar, but the wardrobe department seems to have mixed the costumes.

Wild in the Streets is a war picture of a very peculiar sort, and when I went to see it at a Broadway house in the middle of a weekday afternoon, a line was forming at the box office. The film obviously hits a nerve and I am a little worried. It is an account of a civil war set in our immediate future (LBJ is still President at the start of it) and the enemy, very easily distinguished from the good guys by his uniform, is the turned-on youth of the country. What the purpose of the movie may be—other than to cash in on a current anxiety—I cannot say, but the effect is unambiguous: it is to make anyone over 30 hate and fear the rising generation. There is in the film no boy or girl who is not pure poison. The leader of the successful junta and first boy President is a rock-and-roll singer who has amassed $2.5 million in as many years, gathered about him an entourage of pot-smoking child geniuses of public relations and finance (they sleep all together, like hibernating snakes, on one large circular divan), and who seizes the country by the device of getting the voting age lowered to 15. His accomplice in this coup is an opportunistic California Congressman who gives the impression of having recently worked in Hollywood.

The uprising is marked by no ideology, indeed by no ideas; it is simple seizure of power by a group whose cynicism and cruelty outrun their years. They turn the United States into a dictatorship overnight and then confront the fact that youth is a resource they cannot hoard. Maturity is represented principally by Shelley Winters and Ed Begley, who have the melancholy task of validating the frightfulness by suggesting that grown-ups are idiotic and obscene.

Is this plausible? Factually, not very; emotionally somewhat. Our nation grows younger and we have italicized the statistical shift by making a religion of youth. The generation gap does seem wider today than in other times one can remember. (On the afternoon when I saw *Wild in the Streets* the papers carried the

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story of a 17-year-old girl "who didn't trust adults" and whose body was found floating in a trunk in New York harbor. It turned out that she had died of an overdose of barbiturates and had been disposed of by her panicky friends. What makes the incident so horrible is that it no longer seems bizarre.)

And the young today seem peculiarly assertive, not only because of their numbers but because they have adopted a remarkably visible style of dress and behavior—which they have the money to maintain. It is easy enough to blow up Haight-Ashbury or MacDougal Street or any of the summer jazz-folk-rock festivals into the nightmare of a crusade of vicious children.

Wild in the Streets does it pretty well. The music blares, the colors are day-glo, the insurrection is circumstantial, the clothing and some of the dialogue are witty, and the young company has a distinct if rotten charm. Omitted entirely is a recognition that, from approximately the time of the first freedom marches, the moral sensitivity of the country has been conspicuously in the hands of the generation under 30. The sermon preached by *Wild in the Streets* is that we Americans have gotten the youth we deserve; the fact is that, miraculously, we have done a great deal better than that.

But the irresponsibility of the picture consists in the fact that it associates certain blatant fads and habits with an epidemic of social rabies. Long hair bothers some adults, beads trouble others, and almost everyone is alarmed by LSD and the other novel (non-alcoholic) drugs. If now we get it into our heads that every long-haired, bead-embellished grass smoker in the land is intent on locking us up in concentration camps, the atmosphere will become even less promising.

This country has had so many enemies in its short life—Indians, British, Mexicans, rebels, Germans, Japanese, Communists of all flavors—that the movies have grown fat on the glamour of American victory. But not even Hollywood or the FBI can seriously suggest that we go hunting our own children. I suppose I take *Wild in the Streets* too seriously, but of course there is some truth in it: our society is infected and an alarming percentage of youth has caught the sickness. There was a smell of hysteria in the theatre and that eager line outside. The United States is running a little low on scapegoats just at present (the Negro no longer volunteers). Would an epidemic of hippie lynching be that impossible?

The director Marco Bellocchio was introduced to American audiences a few months ago with *China Is Near*; an earlier film, *Fist in His Pocket*, is currently showing. Two characteristics of his work are now evident. The first of these is that he lays open the surroundings and conventions of Italian middle-class life—what cinéasts call the *mise en scène*—with an intimacy not hitherto available to our tourist eyes. Bellocchio is a lyric melodramatist and I would not suppose that there was anything essentially Italian about his situations; but the households in which they unfold are almost aromatic with what seems authentic atmosphere.

His other characteristic is a taste for ellipsis, whereby the viewer stumbles into his films like any outsider, and must puzzle his way to a grasp of relationships and events. This could easily become a mannerism—in fiction, it is more self-conscious to withhold information than to supply it—but as of now it has given his stories an immediacy, and his audience a sense of participation, that are altogether unusual.

Fist in His Pocket is much more extreme than *China Is Near*—indeed, it approaches Grand Guignol. A blind old mother of intense religious preoccupations presides over a family beset by incest and stricken with epilepsy. The oldest son, who is normal, manages this household and faces the loss of all his ambitions from the weight of his load. Of his two brothers, one is afflicted almost to idiocy; the other dangerously aspires to normalcy. The daughter, who seems not physically impaired, experiments with crises and is oblivious to consequences in a degree that will not pass as sane.

The tension of the film pulls between the oldest brother and the one less afflicted. The latter is powerfully moved to be "someone," to play a part in the family fortunes, to be a hero, indeed, by freeing his impatiently dutiful brother. But in fact he is still—and will forever be—a nestling, and his only thought is to eliminate the defectives in the nest. Does the older man see what is in store? Bellocchio doesn't quite say so, but I think it is what he means. The oldest brother's tacit complicity in a course of events that will end a situation which is exhausting him to no purpose gives the film moral relevance and makes tragedy of what otherwise would be mere horror.

Fist in His Pocket is a savage film, told with unwinking compassion. It is not easy to watch and sometimes hard to understand, but it is first-class work by the most exciting and individualistic director to emerge in a number of years.

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